

Vol 6 26

MEMOIRS

OF

Mrs. *Letitia Pilkington*,

WIFE TO THE *K*

Rev. Mr. *Matthew Pilkington*.

Written by HERSELF.

Wherein are occasionally interspersed,

All Her POEMS;

WITH

Anecdotes of several eminent Persons,
Living and Dead.

Among others,

Dean *Swift*, *Alexander Pope*, Esq;
&c. &c. &c.

DUBLIN Printed :

London Reprinted : and Sold by *R. Griffiths*, at
the *Dunciad* in *Ludgate-street*. 1749.

20

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the University Library, &c. &c.

T O

Sir ROBERT KING, Bart.

S I R,

TIS a very great Pleasure to me, in an Age where Vice is looked on as a Kind of fashionable Accomplishment, to hear of one young Gentleman, who is not ashamed of being singularly good; who has a Tear for Pity, and a Hand open as Day for melting Charity, without any sinister Views; and who has happily united the Fine Gentleman to the Good Christian.

DEDICATION.

These, Sir, are unfading Honours! these shall embalm and sanctify your Name on Earth; and, when this transient Scene is past, be a sweet and acceptable Sacrifice to God.

That your Virtues may long adorn and bless this World, and receive a full and glorious Recompence in the next, is the ardent Prayer of,

S I R,

Your most oblig'd

and most obedient Servant,

L. PILKINGTON.



P R E F A C E.



T is usual with all Authors to write Prefaces, either to beg the Applause of the Public, or else,

*By Way of filling,
To raise their Volume's Price a
Shilling.*

As a most eminent Poet is said to have done.

vi P R E F A C E.

I own, if the Merit of any Writer is to be judged by the Number of Sheets they have written, I have very little Pretence to Favour: But as

Multum in Parvo,

is an Expression of an ancient Poet, I hope my Readers will excuse me, as I would rather have them rise from Table with an Appetite, than glut them; a Rule of Temperance equally conducive to the Health of our Minds as of our Bodies.

I once had the Misfortune of writing for a Printer, who never examined the Merit of the Work, but used to measure it, and tell me, it would not do at all, except I could send him half a Dozen Yards more of the same Stuff: And, as Dr. *Young* remarks, on large Folios, well gilt and bound,

P R E F A C E. vii

very proper to adorn a Library, whether the Owner of it can read or write, or not :

*So Tonſon, turn'd Upholſterer, ſends
home*

*The gilded Leather to adorn the
Room.*

If I am obliged to ſend my Work in a blue Paper Covering, let them look on the Inſide, which, I flatter myſelf, will at leaſt amuſe them.

As I wrote theſe Memoirs in *England*, the deſcribing particular Places or Cuſtoms peculiar to *Ireland*, in order to make the Work intelligible to the *Engliſh* Readers, will, I hope, be excuſed ; for all Countries vary from each other in many Points.

viii P R E F A C E.

So neither servilely fearing Cen-
sure, nor vainly hoping Applause, I
refer my Readers to the ensuing
Pages.





MEMOIRS

O F

Mrs. *PILKINGTON*.

ALTHO' it has been the common Practice, with Writers of Memoirs, to fill their Volumes with their own Praises, which, whatever Pleasure they may have afforded to the Authors, by indulging their Vanity, are seldom found to give any to the Readers; I am determined to quit this beaten Track, and by a strict Adherence to Truth, please even my greatest Enemies, by presenting them with a lively Picture of all my *Faults*,

VOL I.

B

my

2 MEMOIRS of

my *Follies*, and the *Misfortunes*, which have been consequential to them.

And I am the more inclined to proceed, in that I think the Story may be instructive to the *Female* Part of my Readers, to teach them that *Reputation*

*Is the immediate Jewel of their Souls,
And that the Loss of it
Will make them poor indeed! Othello.*

So that I propose myself, not as an Example, but a Warning to them; that by my Fall, they may stand the more secure.

However numerous my Mistakes in Life have been, they have still had most surprizing Additions made to them, not only by base and unworthy Minds, Wretches devoid of Truth and common Honesty, but also by Persons of high Rank, and such as outwardly profess Christianity; who have fancied it an Act of Piety to believe and spread of me the most improbable and notorious Falshoods! nay, so far has their persecuting Zeal been carried, that they have rendered my honest Industry ineffectual;

effectual; and by depriving me of any Means to support Life, endeavoured to make me even such a one, as they represented me to be: That Clergymen, and Ladies of Honour, should unite, in driving to Extremity, a Person, who never yet, either in her Conversation, or Writings, offended against the Laws of Decency or Humanity, is but too apt to make one think they had quite forgotten the Christian Grace, *Charity*, without which we are told all other Virtues are of no Avail, and consequently, fall far short of Perfection themselves.

I therefore hope those who have taken such unbounded Liberties with my Character, will also allow me to paint out theirs; only with this Difference, that I shall confine myself to Truth, a Favour I never yet received at their Hands; since even the priestly Robe, and mitred Head, have, with Regard to me, disclaimed it, of which in the Series of these melancholy Adventures I shall be able to produce many surprizing Instances.

4 MEMOIRS of

I was born in the Year 1712; by my Mother's Side descended of an antient and honourable Family, who were frequently intermarried with the Nobility. My Great Grandfather was Earl of *Killmallock*, whose Daughter married Colonel *Meade*, by whom he had twenty-one Children, twelve of whom lived to be married. This Gentleman, to his Honour be it spoken, tho' he was a Man of Fortune, and in the Army, declared on his Death-bed, ' That he never had, either when a Batchelor, or a married Man, criminal Conversation with a Woman; never was drunk; never broke his Word; nor ever used Tobacco.'

The late Duke of *Ormond*, when Lord Lieutenant of *Ireland*, dining at Colonel *Meade's*, offered to confer on him the Honour of Knighthood; but he then being in an advanced Age, declined it for himself, telling his Grace, ' As he was going out of the World, and his eldest Son coming into it, he would chuse, if he thought proper, his Grace should bestow it on him.' Which accordingly he did.

This

This Gentleman, Sir *John Meade*, was bred to the Law, and deservedly distinguished, as one of the finest Orators that ever spoke at the Bar : He was a perfect Master of classical Learning ; and a Lover and Judge of the muse-like Arts ; his paternal Estate was about Fifteen Hundred Pounds a Year, which was augmented by marrying successively two great Heiresses ; as well as by the vast Business he had in his Profession : So that with all those Advantages of Nature, Education, and Fortune, it was no Wonder he should meet with universal Respect and Esteem.

He was in this Situation, when Sir *Edward Seymour* had an Estate of five Thousand Pounds a Year left to him in *Ireland* ; this was a Matter too considerable for Sir *Edward* to hope immediately to possess without Law-suit or Difficulty ; so that he found his personal Appearance absolutely necessary. It is to be observed, that Sir *Edward Seymour* was accounted the proudest Man in *England* ; and Sir *John Meade* was as remarkable for the same Fault ; neither indeed did I ever meet with any Person of

6 MEMOIRS of

either of those Names in *England* or *Ireland*, who was not abundantly stocked with it, tho' without the same Pretensions to support it.

Sir *Edward Seymor* landed at *Dublin*, filled with that natural Contempt for the whole Country, which those of the *English*, who have not been resident amongst them, are but too apt to express on every Occasion: He there found some of his own Countrymen in Places of Profit and Trust, of whom he enquired, 'Whether there are any such Things as good Lawyers to be met with in this damned Place?'

They answered, 'Yes very good; but if he hoped to carry his Cause, he must see Sir *John Meade*: Well, said he, let let one of my Footmen go for him.'

'Your Footman, Sir *Edward*! said one of the Gentlemen, who knew Sir *John*: 'Why, 'tis odds if he will speak to you. 'I assure you, if he does, 'tis a Favour few of his Clients obtain from him.' 'What, a Duce, return'd he, do *Irish* Lawyers take such State upon them?' 'You are to consider, Sir *Edward*, he is a Gentle-

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‘man of Family, has a noble Fortune, and
‘is so eminent in his Profession, that should
‘he be employed against you, you may
‘bid Farewel to your Claim.’

This last Argument had such Force with
Sir *Edward Seymor*, that he condescended
to wait on Sir *John Meade* next Morning :
Sir *John* had been apprized of what the
other had said ? and resolving to be as state-
ly as himself, sent him down Word, ‘He
‘was very busy, but if he pleased to wait
‘till he was at Leisure, he would see him.
So Sir *Edward* was shewn into a Parlour,
where he remained above an Hour, fretting
himself to Death at this disrespectful Usage,
offered to a Person of his Dignity.

When Sir *John* thought he had pretty
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know, he should be glad to see him, and
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8 MEMOIRS of

of Leave, departed, full of Indignation at meeting with a Man as proud as himself.

When the Day appointed for the important Trial was come, there were Numbers of Lawyers engaged on each Side of the Question: Sir *John* being, I suppose, resolved to try his Client's Patience to the uttermost, permitted every one of them to speak before him, without Interruption, and sat drawing Birds with a Pencil, till Sir *Edward* was ready to burst with Rage at him, especially as he found the Cause likely to go against him: At length, when their Pleadings were ended, and Judgment going to be pronounced against Sir *Edward*, Sir *John Meade* arose, and desired to be heard, which he ever was with Favour and Attention by the Court, when making a Speech, which took an Hour and a half in Time, he so fully confuted all Sir *Edward's* Antagonists, and made his Title to the Estate so evident, and with such powerful Eloquence, that he had a Decree to be put in immediate Possession.

Sir *Edward* was so charmed with Sir *John's* graceful Elocution, that he could
not

not forbear several Times crying out in Extasy, *An Angel! by Heaven, an Angel!* But when he found the happy Effects of it so much to his own Advantage, he could no longer contain himself, but catching Sir *John* in his Arms, *My dear, dear Friend* says he, permit me to have the Honour of calling you so: I do not wonder you should be proud, who have more Cause to be so, than any Man living.

The Court not breaking up, till it was late, Sir *Edward* pressed Sir *John* to give him his Company that Evening; Sir *John* excused himself, telling him, 'He was every Night engaged to a Club:' 'Well, then, said Sir *Edward*, if you will give me Leave, I will accompany you; (provided you think it will be agreeable to your Friends?)' Sir *John* answered, 'They would all, he was sure, esteem it as a very great Honour.' So accordingly Sir *Edward* met them, and they were mutually delighted with each other's Conversation, we may presume, by their staying together till Four the next Morning. Some of Sir *Edward's* Friends finding him

in Bed at Twelve o'Clock the ensuing Day, he told them, 'He had sat up all Night:' 'With whom, Sir *Edward*?' Why, returned he, 'With *Homer, Plato, Socrates, Cicero*, and all the antient Greek and Roman Poets, Philosophers and Historians.'

From this Time, Sir *Edward* and Sir *John* contracted a Friendship, which did not terminate, but with their Lives.

As this little Piece of History redounds to the mutual Honour of both these great and eminent Gentlemen, I hope it will not be accounted Vanity in me to recite it.

One of Sir *John Meaed*'s Sisters, being smitten with the good Mien of a Roman Catholick Officer in King *James*'s Army, stole a Match with him, of which my Mother was the First-fruits; but her Mother dying in Childbed of her second Child, and King *William* entirely subduing *Ireland*, my Grandfather thought proper to follow his Royal Master's Fortune to *France*, leaving my Mother, then an Infant, to the wide World: However, Providence did not abandon the helpless Orphan;

Mrs. PICKINGTON. II

phan; her Grandmother, the Widow of Colonel *Meade* before-mentioned, took her Home to her; and while she lived, with true maternal Tenderneſs beſtowed on her the beſt and politeſt Education: And when the Trustees ſat in *Ireland*, it being proved ſhe was bred a Proteſtant, ſhe recovered her Mother's Fortune, which had been ſettled on her, and which ſhe had been ſome Years kept out of, on Account of her Father's being a forfeiting Perſon.

He, in the mean time, returned privately to *England*, and married a Niece of the celebrated Jeſuit Father *Hugh Peters*: by this ſecond Venture, he had one Daughter, who was married to Mr. *Fowler* of *St. Thomas* in *Staffordſhire*, the ſole Heireſs of whom is the preſent Lady *Faulconbridge*, to whom, were it of any Uſe to me, I have the Honour of being a firſt Couſin by the Half-Blood.

My Mother being now in Poſſeſſion of a handſome Fortune, and by the Death of her Grandmother entirely at her own Diſpoſal, for her Father never enquired what became of her, did not, it may be ſup-

posed, want Admirers; especially as she had a very graceful Person, with Abundance of Wit, which was improved by reading and keeping the best Company: however, none of them made any Impression on her Heart, till she saw my Father, who was the Son of a *Dutch* Physician, that accidentally settled in *Ireland*, and who had no other Fortune to boast of, than a liberal Education, and a very amiable Person and Understanding; Qualities which recommended him to my Mother so powerfully, that she had Constancy enough to wait for him three Years, while he went to *Leyden*, where he studied Physick under the late famous Dr. *Boerhaave*; and having taken his Degree, he returned to *Ireland*, uniting himself in Marriage to his faithful Mistress. Her Friends were at first much displeased with her; but my Father's Merit soon reconciled them to her Choice; and there being then but one Man-Midwife in the Kingdom, my Father made himself Master of that useful Art, and practised it with great Success, Reputation, and Humanity.

I was their second Child, and my eldest Brother dying an Infant, for a long Time their only one; being of a tender weakly Constitution, I was by my Father greatly indulged; indeed I cannot say, but it was in some Measure necessary he should, by this Gentleness, qualify my Mother's Severity to me; otherwise it must have broke my Heart; for she strictly followed *Solomon's* Advice, in never sparing the Rod; inso-much that I have frequently been whipt for looking blue in a frosty Morning; and, whether I deserved it or not, I was sure of Correction every Day of my Life.

From my earliest Infancy I had a strong Disposition to Letters; but my Eyes being weak, after the Small-pox, I was not permitted to look at a Book: my Mother regarding more the Beauty of my Face, than the Improvement of my Mind: neither was I allowed to learn to read. This Restraint, as it generally happens, made me but more earnest in the Pursuit of what I imagined must be so delightful. Twenty times a Day have I been corrected, for asking what such and such Letters spelt; my
Mother

Mother used to till me the Word, accompanying it with a good Box on the Ear, which, I suppose, imprinted it on my Mind. Had *Gulliver* seen her Behaviour, I should have imagined, he had borrowed a Hint from it for his floating Island, where, when a great Man had promised any Favour, the Suppliant was obliged to give him a Tweak by the Nose, or a Kick on the Rump, to quicken his Memory. However, I do assure you, it had this Effect on me, insomuch, that I never forgot what was once told me; and quickly arrived at my desired Happiness, being able to read before she thought I knew all my Letters; but this Pleasure I was obliged to enjoy by Stealth, with Fear and Trembling.

I was at this Time about five Years of Age; and my Mother being one Day abroad, I had happily laid hold on *Alexander's Feast*, and found something in it so charming, that I read it aloud; —but how like a condemned Criminal did I look, when my Father, softly opening his Study-door, took me in the very Fact! I dropt my Book, and burst into Tears, begging
Pardon,

Pardon, and promising never to do so again : But my Sorrow was soon dispelled, when he bade me not be frightened, but read to him, which, to his great Surprize, I did very distinctly, and without hurting the Beauty of the Numbers. Instead of the Whipping, of which I stood in dread, he took me up in his Arms, and kissed me, giving me a whole Shilling, as a Reward, and told me, ' He would give me ' another, as soon as I got a Poem by ' Heart,' which he put into my Hand, and it proved to be Mr. *Pope's* sacred Eclogue ; which Task I performed before my Mother returned Home. They were both astonished at my Memory, and from that Day forward, I was permitted to read as much as I pleased ; only my Father took care to furnish me with the best and politest Authors ; and took Delight in explaining to me, whatever, by Reason of my tender Years, was above my Capacity of Understanding.

But chiefly was I charmed and ravished with the Sweets of Poetry ; all my Hours were dedicated to the Muses ; and, from a

Reader, I quickly became a Writer; I may truly say with Mr. *Pope*,

I lisp'd in Numbers, for the Numbers came.

My Performances had the good Fortune to be looked on as extraordinary for my Years; and the greatest and wisest Men in the Kingdom did not disdain to hear the Prattle of the little Muse, as they called me, even in my childish Days. But as I approached towards Womanhood, there was a new Scene opened to me; and by the Time I had looked on thirteen Years, I had almost as many Lovers: not that I ever was handsome, farther than being very fair. But I was well-drest, sprightly, and remarkably well-tempered, unapt to give or take Offence; insomuch that my Company was generally coveted; and no doubt but I should have been happily disposed of in Marriage, but that my Mother's capricious Temper made her reject every advantageous Proposal offered, and at last condemn me to the Arms of one of the greatest Villians, with Reverence to the Priesthood

hood be it spoken, that ever was wrapt up in Crape.

And here I cannot forbear observing, how very few that wear that Sacred Habit are adorned with any real Sanctity of Manners: What Ambition, Avarice, Lust, and Cruelty reigns among them! they are generally the first Seducers of Innocence (as the Holiness of their Office gives them free Admittance into every Family) and as soon as they have made a Breach in the tender Mind for Ruin's wasteful Entrance, (provided they can but slip their own Necks out of the Halter and remain unexposed) they shall be the first to persecute with Ecclesiastical Courts, and Spiritual Authority, that very Person, whom they themselves first taught the Way to sin.

*Let none presume to censure this as Spite,
I suffer for their Crimes of whom I write.*

And 'tis ever allowed that the Losers may have leave to speak.

I would not, by this Reflection, be thought to strike at Religion, or the valuable Part
of

of the Clergy : Those who are possessed of Christian Charity, and make the Sincerity of their Faith appear in the Righteousness of their Lives, are truly worthy of Reverence and Honour ; but alas ! their Number is so few, that the Ears of Corn are scarce discernable among the Tares, of whom no doubt Satan will reap a plentiful Harvest.

But to return. Amongst all those who address me, my Heart retained its Freedom ; and if their Flattery pleased me, it was only as it fed my Vanity ; that Passion, which like Pride is so universal. I had no particular Engagement, was entirely submissive to my Parents, punctual to all the Duties of Religion, unaffectedly innocent, and much more pleased with my Female Friends, than with the Company of Men.

There were two young Ladies, in particular, for whom, from my Childhood, I had a very tender Affection, and whom, as often as I could, I visited ; as their Brother was a Clergyman, many of the Gown frequented their House, and amongst the rest, the Reader of our Parish-Church, Mr.

Pilkington.

Pilkington. He had a good Face, and many agreeable Accomplishments; such as a tolerable Taste in Music, and a poetical Turn, which greatly entertained me; but being a Man of obscure Birth, and low Fortune, I had no farther Thoughts of him, than merely as an Acquaintance: However, it was my Misfortune to be liked by him, when I least imagined it. As he played very well on the Organ, he gave us an Invitation to Church, promising, after Evening-Prayer, to sing an Anthem for us. I, who always delighted in Church-Music, begged my Mother's Permission to go, which, with some Difficulty, I obtained. After the Music, he invited us into the Vestry-Room, where he had prepared a little Collation of Fruit, Wine, &c. and singling me out, he began to address me in a very passionate Stile, and earnestly begged Leave to visit me. I told him, 'I was 'to go into the Country next Day, to stay 'all the Summer, and were I not, I had no 'Male Visitants, but such as my Parents 'approved of; and consequently it was out 'of my Power to grant his Request.' My Mother sending for me, prevented any farther

ther Conversation for that Time ; and early the next Morning we set out on our intended Journey.

During my Stay in the Country, he wrote me a great many poetical Compliments, and subscribed himself *Amintas*: As they were really very elegant, my Mother, who always examined my Letters, expressed great Curiosity to know the Writer ; saying, ‘ I ought to return a Letter of Thanks to him :’ But as I took this only for a Trap, I told her, which was true, I knew not who it was ; lest I should be denied the Pleasure of visiting the young Ladies where I first saw him, if I should have given her the smallest Hint, that I guessed at the Person.

I had, by this Time, a Brother of about nine Years of Age, of whom my Father and Mother were fond even to Extravagance ; whenever I went abroad, he used to cry to go with me, and was constantly indulged in it.

A few Days after our Return to Town, I went to wait on the young Ladies before-mentioned, and took my Brother with me.

I was scarce seated when Mr. *Pilkington* came in, and after saluting me, began to reproach me with Cruelty, in never having favoured him with an Answer to any of his Letters. I told him, 'I was much obliged to him, for the agreeable Entertainment they had afforded me; but that, excepting my Father, I had never wrote to any Man, neither was I Mistress of Wit enough to correspond with him.' A good many civil Things were said on both Sides, during Tea-Time; after which, my Brother growing urgent with me to return Home, I happened to say he was so great a Favourite, I durst not Contradict him; upon which, Mr. *Pilkington* made his Application to him, and gave him an Invitation to his Lodgings; where he entertained him so kindly, that the Child returned in Raptures with him; and loaden with Toys and Sweatmeats. Upon this Civility to my Brother, my Father sent and invited Mr. *Pilkington* to Dinner; (and you may be sure he did not refuse him) but quickly found the Art of making himself so agreeable to my Parents, that they were even uneasy when-

whenever he was absent; which seldom happened, except when his Duty required his Attendance. He now began openly to court me; and, to my great Surprize, neither of them seemed averse to it; but allowed him as much Liberty of conversing with me, as a reasonable Man could desire; and for my own Part, he gained so large a Share in my Esteem, that as they seemed to approve of him, I was very well satisfied.

One Year past on in this Manner, during which Time, Mr. *Pilkington* never omitted any Thing to convince me of the Sincerity of his Passion; and tho' he saw me every Day, and all the Day; yet every Day was still but as the first:

So eager was he still to see me more.

The ensuing Spring my Mother took a Lodging about a Mile from *Dublin*, by the Sea-side, for the Benefit of bathing, where my Father and Mr. *Pilkington* came every Afternoon together to visit us; but my Father's Business seldom permitting

him

him to stay above half an Hour, he generally left Mr. *Pilkington* with us: Who, one Night happening to stay latter than ordinary, left a Gold Watch, and a handsome Diamond Ring in my Possession; left, as he said, he should be robbed of them going Home. My Father and he coming to us the next Day, (according to Custom) I brought to Mr. *Pilkington* his Ring and Watch; but he would by no Means accept of either, but insisted on my keeping them as a Present; my Father and Mother were both by, and neither of them shewing any Dislike to it, I was, with great Reluctance, obliged by him to take them.

I mention these Particulars, trifling as they are, because I have been accused of Disobedience to my Parents, in marrying without their Consent or Knowledge; whereas they were acquainted with the Affair from Beginning to End; neither was I any more than passive in it, never having allowed myself to have any Will but theirs.

My Father was at this Time so eminent in his Profession, and lived after so elegant

a manner, that every body concluded he was able to give me a very good Fortune and few People could believe he countenanced Mr. *Pilkington's* Addresses to me, he neither having any Preferment in the Church, nor any other Fortune: And whatever Merit an *Irish* Clergyman may possess, he has little Hope of Advancement by it, unless he has some Relation in the House of Commons, who, by betraying the Interest of his Country, can procure for him,

*The Leavings of a Church distressed,
A hungry Vicarage at best;
Or some remote inferior Post,
With forty Pounds a Year at most.* Swift

And in this, the present State of poor *Ireland* near resembles that of *England*, under the Reign of Queen *Mary*, when, as soon as a Bishoprick became vacant, an *Italian* was immediately nominated to it. *Ireland* groans under the same Calamity. An *English* Vice-roy, *English* Judges, *English* Bishops, with their long Train of Relations and Dependants, lay their hard

Hand

Hands on all Preferments; while her learned Sons languish out Life, in hopeless Poverty and Dejection of Spirit.

I have frequently observed it, as a Want of Policy in the *English* Government, to permit the People of *Ireland* to have an University: Learning naturally inspires Men with the Love of Liberty; the Principles of which ought to be discouraged in the Minds of those, whom their Masters are pleased to condemn to Slavery, Want and Oppression; unless perhaps it may be done with a cruel Intent, of making their Yoke the more galling to them.

Ireland, while free, was remarkable for producing brave and valiant Men: Ever witness for her,

*Her matchless Sons! whose Valour still
remains,*

On French Records for twenty long Campaigns;

*Yet from an Empress, now a Captive
grown;*

*She sav'd Britannia's Right, and lost her
own.*

Swift.

I hope I shall be pardoned by all true Patriots for this Digression; if not, I can only make Use of *Falstaff's* Apology, *That Rebellion lay in my Way, and I found it.*

But to resume my Thread. All my Friends and Relations attacked my Father warmly on this Head; who solemnly declared, 'He knew nothing of any amorous Correspondence between Mr. *Pilkington* and his Daughter; that the Gentleman came to visit us, as being Parishioners.' But withal declared: 'Since such a Report was spread, he would civilly forbid him the House;' which accordingly he ordered my Mother to do. Mr. *Pilkington* came as usual, and my Mother delivered her dreadful Commission to him. No sooner was the fatal Sentence pronounced, but my astonished Lover fell, pale and speechless, on the Floor; and to say the Truth, my Case was little better than his: I raised him in my Arms, and senseless as he seemed, he grasped me close, and leaned his drooping Head upon my Bosom; whilst my Mother applied Remedies to him till he revived: When he came to himself, he

blamed

blamed us for our Care: saying, ' Since I
' was lost, he could not, would not live.'

As I was naturally of a soft compas-
sionate Temper, the Condition I saw him
in pierced my very Soul; but I was too
much in Awe of my Mother to venture to
say so at that Time. So he left me with
Sorrow deeply imprinted in his Counte-
nance, and, as I believed, in his Heart.

About two Years before this, a young
Woman * of about eighteen Years of
Age, was brought to my Father, to be
by him instructed in Midwifery: She was
Mistress of *Hebrew, Greek, Latin and French*
and understood the *Mathematicks*, as
well as most Men: And what made these
extraordinary Talents yet more surprizing,
was, that her Parents were poor illiterate
Country People; so that her Learning ap-
peared like the Gift poured out on the A-
postles, of speaking all Languages, with-
out the Pains of Study; or, like the intui-
tive Knowledge of Angels: Yet in as much
as the Power of Miracles is ceased, we

C 2

must

* Afterwards married to Mr. *Grierſon*, of *Dublin*,
the King's Printer.

must allow she used human Means for such great and excellent Acquirements; And yet in a long Friendship and Familiarity with her, I could never obtain a satisfactory Account from her on this Head; only she said, ' she had received some little ' Instruction from the Minister of the Parish, when she could spare Time from her ' Needlework, to which she was closely ' kept by her Mother.' She wrote elegantly both in Verse and Prose; and some of the most delightful Hours I ever past, were in the Conversation of this female Philosopher.

My Father readily consented to accept of her as a Pupil; and gave her a general Invitation to his Table, so that she and I were seldom asunder. My Parents were well pleased with our Intimacy, as her Piety was not inferior to her Learning. Whether it was owing to her own Desire, or the Envy of those who survived her, I know not; but of her various and beautiful Writings, except one Poem of her's in Mrs. Barber's Works, I have never seen any published; 'tis true, as her Turn was chief-

ly to philosophical or divine Subjects, they might not be agreeable to the present Taste; yet could her heavenly Muse descend from its sublime Height to the easy epistolary Stile, and suit itself to my then gay Disposition; as may appear by the two following Poems: To make them intelligible, my Reader must observe, that I being in a Country Town at the Assizes Time, had writ her an Account to *Dublin* of the principal Entertainments I met with there, and in the rest of the Country. I must also beg Pardon for publishing the Compliments paid to me in them, which I really would omit were it possible. Her Answer to my first Letter was this:

To Miss LÆTITIA VAN LEWEN.

THE fleeting Birds may soon in Ocean swim,
And Northern Whales thro' liquid Azure skim:

The *Dublin* Ladies their Intrigues forsake,
To Dress and Scandal an Aversion take;

When you can in the lonely Forest walk,
And with some serious Matron gravely talk,
Of Poffets, Poultrices, and Waters still'd,
And monstrous Casks with Mead and Cyder
fill'd;

How many Hives of Bees she has in Store,
And how much Fruit her Trees this *Summer* bore;

Or Home returning in the Yard can stand,
And feed the Chickens from your bounteous Hand:

Of each one's Top-knot tell, and hatching pry,

Like *Tully* waiting for an Augury.

When Night approaches, down to Table sit,

With a great Crowd, choice Meat, and little Wit;

What Horse won the last Race, how mighty *Tray*

At the last famous Hunting caught the Prey;

Surely, you can't but such Discourse despise,

Methinks, I see Displeasure in your Eyes:

O my *Letitia*, stay no longer there,
 You'll soon forget, that you yourself are
 fair;
 Why will you keep from us, from all
 that's gay,
 There in a lonely Solitude to stay?
 Where not a Mortal thro' the Year you
 view,
 But bob-wigg'd Hunters, who their Game
 pursue
 With so much Ardor, they'd a Cock or
 Hare,
 To thee in all thy blooming Charms prefer.
 You write of Belles and Beaux that there
 appear,
 And gilded Coaches, such as glitter here;
 For gilded Coaches, each estated Clown
 That gravely slumbers on the Bench has
 one;
 But Beaux! they're young Attorneys! sure
 you mean!
 Who thus appear to your romantic Brain.
 Alas! no Mortal there can talk to you,
 That Love, or Wit, or Softness ever knew
 All they can speak of's *Capias* and Law,
 And Writs to keep the Country Fools in
 Awe. And,

And, if to Wit, or Courtship they pretend,
'Tis the same Way that they a Cause defend;

In which they give of Lungs a vast Expence,

But little Passion, Thought, or Eloquence:
Bad as they are, they'll soon abandon you,
And Gain, and Clamour, in the Town pursue.

So haste to Town, if ev'n such Fools you prize;

O haste to Town! and bless the longing Eyes

Of your CONSTANTIA.

The Second was as follows:

IF my *Letitia* still persists to love
The Country Village, and the shady Grove,
The murmu'ring Riv'let and the Turtle's Moan,
Despising all the Grandeur of the Town;
Where Beauty triumphs, and where Pleasure reigns,
And Rounds of Mirth relieve our daily Pains;
Where

Mrs. PILKINGTON. 33

Where *George's* mighty Substitute appears
And every Face with blooming Pleasure
cheers;

Grafton! whom never Fair-one saw un-
mov'd,

Whom ev'n great *Churchill's* beauteous-
Offspring lov'd.

For him whate'er o'er all our Kingdom's
fine,

They in this happy Place together join;
With him each warlike glittering Soldier
goes,

With him the tender Race of whining
Beaux;

In short, we've here all that may hope
t'engage,

One of your Wit, your Beauty, and your
Age.

If all these pow'rful Arguments shou'd
fail,

I'll in the tenderest Part your Heart assail;

The lovely *Damon* languishes and dies,

Nor can revive, but by your charming Eyes;

But I forgot——Mamma these Lines
must see,

So you shall hear no more of him from me.

As this Lady was perfectly well acquainted with Mr. *Pilkington's* Regard for me, he applied to her to intreat a Meeting at her Lodgings, where I frequently went.

She had too much Compassion for a despairing honourable Lover, to refuse his Request; and accordingly she gave him Notice the next Visit that I made to her, after having asked my Consent to it. Our Interview was very melancholy, and his Sighs and Tears prevailed so much on my young soft Heart, that, at last, I faithfully promised to be his; but added, 'We were
' both so young, that it would be prudent
' to wait till he had some Preferment, or
' till my Parents came into better Temper; and that, in the mean time, I would
' see him, or write to him, as often as I
' conveniently could.'

I forgot to mention, that I had sent him his Watch and Ring some Days before; he would fain have prevailed on me to take them again, but I absolutely refused them.

The next Morning, my Father told me, I must prepare to go and stay a Year with my Grandfather, who lived a hundred Miles distant

distant from *Dublin*, and that I must set out in two Days. I made no Answer, but thought proper to give Mr. *Pilkington* Notice of my Departure, and easily prevailed on my Brother to give him a Letter; but Heav'ns! how was I frighted when he, returning in a few Moments, told me, Mr. *Pilkington* had stabbed himself with his Penknife: I ran all in Tears to my Mother, entreating her permission to go and see him. She appeared much concerned, and sent for him to come to us, which pleasing Summons he readily obeyed. But I could scarce forbear laughing at my own Credulity, when my wounded Swain came to us in perfect Health. He had indeed given himself a Scratch, on Purpose to terrify us, and had just such a desperate Wound as I have frequently received from the Point of a Pin, without complaining.

However, by this Artifice he once more gained Admission to us, and had an Opportunity of assuring my Mother, ' That ' if she sent me to the *West-Indies*, he ' would follow me ; ' and added also, ' That ' he was next Heir to a good Estate ; '

which was the most prevailing Argument he could make use of to her; and took such an Effect, that she not only kept him to Supper, but so far indulged him, as to give him a Key to the Garden, which opened into a little Stable Lane, by which means he could come in and go out as often as he pleased unnoticed. As soon as he left us, my Mother spoke to me in this Manner: ‘ Child, said she, I believe that
‘ young Man loves you sincerely, neither
‘ have your Father or I any Objection to
‘ him; but in the Light we appear in to
‘ the World, it would seem strange to ac-
‘ cept of him as a Son-in-law. Your Fa-
‘ ther is not, at present, able to give you a
‘ Fortune; and I know most of those who
‘ address you, hope for one with you; and
‘ he chuses rather to reject them, than let
‘ them into his real Circumstances: What
‘ I would therefore advise you to is this:
‘ If you love this Man, marry him; we
‘ shall at first seem displeased, and then
‘ forgive it, and do for you every thing
‘ within our Power. As he is an ingenious,
‘ sober Man, your Father’s Interest may
soon

soon get him a Living, and 'till then ye shall both live with us.'

This Discourse strangely surprized me, and left me doubtful how to act; to take to myself the Reproach of Disobedience, in the Eyes of the World, appeared very shocking to me; and tho' I was resolved to marry Mr *Pilkington* some time or other, yet I was startled at the Thought of doing it immediately, and told my Mother my Objections: However, they appeared but trifling to her. The next Morning she called me pretty early to Breakfast, and, to my great Surprize, I found Mr. *Pilkington* with my Father, his Harpsichord placed in the Parlour, which, with a Cat and an Owl, were all his worldly Goods.

He told me, with great Rapture, that he was going for a Ring and a Licence to be married in the Evening. As for my Part, I thought he only jested, 'till my Father confirmed it, by telling me I must either resolve to marry immediately, or break off with Mr. *Pilkington* entirely, leaving it to my Choice which to do. I was too
much

much confounded to make any other Return than to give my Hand to Mr. *Pilkington*, who kissed it with great Extacy; and my unfortunate Nuptials being thus concluded on, we were married privately in the Evening by the Vicar-General, having no other Witnesses but my Father and Mother, and his Father, and we resolved to keep it secret for a few Days, to avoid the Hurry and Expence of Matrimony. We went into the Country to my Uncle Brigadier *Meade's* Seat for a Fortnight; where my new espoused Husband staying from me a whole Day, in Pursuit of his Game (for he delighted in Fowling) at his Return, I presented him with the following Lines, my first Attempt in Poetry, that was not quite childish:

The Petition of the B I R D S.

A H Shepherd, gentle Shepherd! spare
 Us plum'd Inhabitants of Air,
 That hop, and inoffensive rove
 From Tree to Tree, from Grove to Grove;
 What

What Phrenzy has possess'd your Minds ?
 To be destructive of your Kind ?
 Admire not if we Kindred claim,
 Our sep'rate Natures are the same ;
 To each of us thou ow'st a Part,
 To grace thy Person, Head or Heart ;
 The chaste, the fond, the tender *Dove*
 Inspires thy Breast with purest Love ;
 The tow'ring *Eagle* claims a Part
 In thy courageous, gen'rous Heart ;
 On thee the *Finch* bestow'd a Voice,
 To bid the raptur'd Soul rejoice ;
 The *Hawk* has giv'n thee Eyes so bright,
 They kindle Love and soft Delight ;
 Thy snowy Hue and graceful Mien,
 May in the stately *Swan* be seen ;
 The *Robin's* Plumes afford the red,
 Which thy soft Lips and Cheeks bespread ;
 Thy filial Piety and Truth,
 The *Stork* bestow'd to crown thy Youth.
 Did we these sev'ral Gifts bestow
 To give Perfection to a Foe ?
 Did we so many Virtues give,
 To thee, too fierce to let us live ?
 Suspend your Rage, and every Grove,
 Shall eccho Songs of grateful Love.

Let

Let Pity sooth and sway your Mind,
And be the Phoenix of Mankind.

This little poetical Essay met with more Applause than it really merited on Account of my Youth, and was extremely acceptable to Mr. *Pilkington*, who, with the Raptures of an enamoured Bridegroom, read it to every Person whom he thought possessed of Taste or Genius.

On our Return to Town, we received the Visits and Compliments of all our Acquaintance; every one of whom my Mother assured, I had married without their Consent; but this was not all, for she said it so often, that at length she persuaded herself it was so; and made it a Pretence for giving me all imaginable ill Treatment both in publick and private, which, having no Remedy, I was obliged to bear as patiently as I could; for if I quitted her House, I had no Place to go to, as Mr. *Pilkington's* whole Income would scarce have paid the Rent of a tolerable ready-furnished Lodging. However I had some Consolation in Mr. *Pilkington's* Tenderneſs, which
seemed

seemed daily to increase for me, and in the Conversation of a very agreeable Set of Friends, some of whom it may not be amiss to give a particular Description of.

In the first Place, I had the Honour of being well received by Mrs. *Percival*, who is married to the Brother of the Earl of *Egmont*, to whose Virtues I cannot refuse doing Justice, (altho' her Animadversions on me have not been over-charitable) a Lady of most universal Genius, there being no one Accomplishment that adorns the Woman of Quality, but what she possessed; and her Station gave her an Opportunity of shewing them to Advantage. She was also extremely happy in her Family; her Husband was a most worthy Gentleman; both her Sons Men of Sense and Honour, and one of her Daughters very agreeable. It may easily be supposed this Belle Assembly engaged the Company of all the learned and polite World; every Night was a Drawing-Room, and the ingenious and curious of both Sexes went Home delighted and improved. As my Father was Physician to Mrs. *Percival*, and her eldest Son married
to

to a near Relation of mine, I had at all Times free Access, and so found a frequent pleasing Relief from my Vexations.

I had also the much-envied Honour of being known to Dr. *Swift*, whose Genius, excellent as it was, surpassed not his Humanity in the most judicious and useful Charities; altho' often hid under a rough Appearance, till he was perfectly convinced both of the Honesty and Distress of those he bestowed it on: He was a perpetual Friend to Merit and Learning; and utterly incapable of Envy. Indeed why should he not? who, in true genuine Wit, could fear no Rival.

Yet as I have frequently observed in Life, that where great Talents are bestowed, there the strongest Passions are likewise given: This truly great Man did but too often let them have Dominion over him, and that on the most trifling Occasions. During Meal-times he was evermore in a Storm; the Meat was always too much or too little done, or the Servants had offended in some Point, imperceptible to the rest of the Company; however, when the Cloth

was

was taken away, he made his Guests rich
Amends for the Pain he had given them by
the former Part of his Behaviour. For

*Then was truly mingled in the friendly Bowl,
The Feast of Reason, and the Flow of Soul.*
Pope.

Yet strict Temperance preserved; for the
Doctor never drank above half a Pint of
Wine, in every Glass of which he mixed
Water and Sugar; yet, if he liked his
Company, would sit many Hours over it,
unlocking all the Springs of Policy, Learn-
ing, true Humour and inimitable Wit.

Life, It is a very great Loss to the World,
that this admirable Gentleman never could
be prevailed on to give us the Particulars
of his own Life; because, as it is the Fate
of all eminent Persons to have various Cha-
racters given of them, so it was more re-
markably his: One Reason for this may
justly be assigned; that as at his first setting
out, Party ran high, those who on either
Side had any Talents for Writing, spared
not to throw the blackest Aspersions on the
other

other ; so that, if we give them both Credit, we must conclude, there was neither Honour nor Virtue among them ; but that all who were out, *Tories* and *Whigs*, *Whigs* and *Tories*, were equally corrupt: Indeed Ambition is a grand Deceiver, and apt to undermine Integrity itself; and this the Doctor himself was so sensible of, that I have frequently heard him declare, ‘ He
 ‘ thought it a great Blessing that all his
 ‘ Hopes of Preferment were at once cut off;
 ‘ infomuch that he had nothing to tempt
 ‘ or mislead him from a Patriotism, in
 ‘ which his grateful Country found their
 ‘ Happiness and Security.’

This leads me to a Story, I remember to have heard him tell, and therefore, I hope cannot be impertinent :

A Clergyman, whose Character greatly resembled that I have heard Bishop *Berkley* give to Bishop *Atterbury* ; namely, a most learned fine Gentleman, who under the softest and politest Appearance concealed the most turbulent Ambition: This Clergyman having made his Merit, as a Preacher, too eminent to be overlooked, had it early

rewarded

rewarded with a Mitre; his Friend Dr. *Swift* went to congratulate him on it; but at the same Time told him, ‘ He hoped, as his Lordship was a Native of *Ireland*, and had now a Seat in the House of Peers, he would employ his powerful Elocution in the Service of his distressed Country.’ The Prelate told him, ‘ The Bishoprick was but a very small one, and he could not hope for a better, if he did not oblige the Court.’ ‘ Very well, says *Swift*, then it is to be hoped, when you have a better, you will become an honest Man.’ ‘ Ay, that I will, Mr. Dean, says he: till then, my Lord, farewell.’ This pious Prelate was twice translated to richer Sees, and, on every Translation, Dr. *Swift* waited on him to remind him of his Promise, but to no Purpose. There was now an Archbishoprick in view, and till that was obtained, nothing could be done: This in a short Time he likewise possessed; he then sent for the Dean, and told him, ‘ I am now at the Top of my Pre- ferment, for I well know no *Irishman* will ever be made Primate, therefore as

‘ I

‘ I can rise no higher in Fortune or Station, I will zealously promote the good of my Country.’ (A fine Reason truly!) And so he commenced a most outrageous Patriot from those very laudable Motives, and continued so till his Death, which happened within these few Years.

I hope my Readers will indulge me in the frequent Mention I shall make of *Dr. Swift*; for tho’ his Works are universally esteemed; yet few Persons now living have had so many Opportunities of seeing him in private Life; as my being a Person *sans* Consequence afforded me, which Happiness I obtained by the following Means.

The learned Nymph before-mentioned, whom Curiosity engaged every Person to see, had shewn many of my Scribbles to *Dr. Delany*, known sufficiently by his own incomparable Life and Writings: As she was one of the first to congratulate me on my Marriage, she was a Witness how severely both *Mr. Pilkington* and I were used, or rather abused by my Mother; she told *Dr. Delany* of it, and made such a favourable mention of the poor young Couple,

that he generously imagined his countenancing Mr. *Pilkington* might be a Means of procuring us better Treatment. He had been Class-fellow with my Father in the College, and tho' they did not visit, yet they had that mutual Esteem for each other, which good Men feel for good Men; and were pleased whenever Accident threw them into each other's Company. The Doctor, preaching at our Parish-Church immediately after our Marriage, was so kind as to join us coming out, and accompany us Home, to wish the young Couple Joy, a Favour we were all extremely proud of. At parting he gave us all an Invitation to dine at his beautiful Villa, about a small Mile distant from *Dublin*; what Opinion I conceived of him and his Improvements, may be seen in the following Lines, composed in one of his lovely Arbours: —

Delville, the Seat of the Rev. Dr. DELANY.

HAIL, happy *Delville*! blissful Seat!
The Muse's best belov'd Retreat!
With Prospects large and unconfined;
Blest Emblem of their Master's Mind!

Where

Where fragrant Gardens, painted Meads,
Wide op'ning Walks, and twilight Shades,
Inspiring Scenes! elate the Heart!
Nature improv'd, and rais'd by Art,
So Paradise delightful smil'd,
Blooming and beautifully wild.

Thrice happy Sage, who safe retir'd,
By Heav'n and by the Muse inspir'd;
In polish'd Arts, or Lays sublime,
Or God-like Acts employ your Time.
Here Nature's Beauties you explore,
And searching her mysterious Store,
Thro' all her Operations find
The Image of the Sovereign Mind;
And in each Insect, Plant and Flow'r,
Contemplate the creating Pow'r:
Nor is thy Love of him alone
In fruitless Speculation shewn;
Thro' Life you happily exert,
The Christian Virtues of your Heart;
To give new Schemes of Culture Birth,
And bless and beautify the Earth;
To raise th' Afflicted from Despair,
And make the friendless Wretch thy Care:
To

To thee the highest Bliss is given,
A Soul to praise, and copy Heaven.

Whether it was owing to my Youth, or any real Merit in the Verses, I know not, but, weak as they were, from the Candour of the Company they met with great Applause, and the worthy Gentleman to whom they were directed, praised the Poetry extremely, only modestly wished I had a better Subject to employ my fine Genius, as he was pleased to call it.

I hope, if I should live to publish these Writings, none of the honourable Persons mentioned in them, as having been once my Friends, will be offended at it; since whatever Misfortunes have since befallen me, I was not then quite unworthy of the Regard they shewed me, and still retain a grateful Sense of their Favour; only lamenting that by one fatal Folly it is irrecoverably lost.

And now I must confess, as I have talked of Ambition, I had a strong one to be known to Dr. *Swift*: As Dr. *Delany* had recommended and introduced Mr.

D

Pilkington

Pilkington to him, and the learned Lady before-mentioned, I thought it a little hard to be excluded from the Delight and Instruction I might possibly receive from such Conversation; and having often remonstrated on this Head, to no purpose, I at last told them, (for to give me my due I was pretty pert) ‘that truly they were envious, and would not let me see the Dean, knowing how much I surpassed them all.’ As I spoke this but half serious, I set them all a laughing, and as they were to meet the next Day at the Deanery-House, to keep the Anniversary of his Birth-day, I inclosed to Dr. *Delany* the following Lines :

To the Rev. Dr. SWIFT, on his Birth-day.

WHILE I the God-like Men of old,
In Admiration wrapt behold!
Rever’d Antiquity explore,
And turn the long-liv’d Volumes o’er,
Where *Cato*, *Plutarch*, *Flaccus* shine
In ev’ry Excellence divine;

I grieve that our degen'rate Days,
 Produce no mighty Souls like these;
 Patriot, Philosopher and Bard,
 Are names unknown and seldom heard.
 Spare your Reflection, *Phæbus* cries,
 'Tis as ungrateful as unwise;
 Can you complain this sacred Day,
 That Virtues, or that Arts decay?
 Behold in SWIFT reviv'd appears
 The Virtues of unnumber'd Years;
 Behold in him with new Delight,
 The Patriot, Bard and Sage unite;
 And know, *Ierne* in that Name
 Shall rival *Greece* and *Rome* in Fame.

Dr. *Delany* presented these Lines to the
 Dean, and at the same time told him my
 faucy Spech above-mentioned. The Dean
 kindly accepted of my Compliment, and
 said, 'He would see me whenever I pleas-
 ed.' A most welcome Message to me!

A few Days after, the Dean sent the
 Doctor Word, he would dine with him at
Delville, and desired to meet Mr. and Mrs.
Pilkington there: You may be assured I
 obeyed this welcome Summons, and a Gen-

the woman was so kind as to call on me to go with her. When we arrived, Dr. *Delaney's* Servant told us, his Master, the Dean, and Mr. *Pilkington* were walking in the Garden; we met them on a noble Terrace, whose Summit was crowned with a magnificent Portico, where Painting and Sculpture displayed their utmost Charms: The Lady presented me to the Dean, who saluted me, and surprized me, by asking her, 'If I was her Daughter?' She smiled and said, 'I was Mrs. *Pilkington*.' 'What, says he, this poor little Child married! God help her, she is early engaged in Trouble.' We passed the Day in a most elegant and delightful Manner; and the Dean, engaging Mr. *Pilkington* to preach for him at the Cathedral the *Sunday* following, gave me also, with the rest of the Company, an Invitation to Dinner. As the Communion is administered every *Sunday* in this antique Church, dedicated to St. *Patrick*, the first Prelate who taught the Gospel in *Ireland*, I was charmed to see with what a becoming Piety the Dean performed that solemn Service; which he had so much at Heart, that

he

he wanted not the Assistance of the Liturgy, but went quite thro' it without ever looking in the Prayer-Book. Indeed another Part of his Behaviour on this Occasion, was censured by some, as favouring of *Popery*; which was, that he bowed to the Holy-Table. However this Circumstance may vindicate him from the wicked Aspersions of being deemed an Unbeliever, since 'tis plain he had the utmost Reverence for the Eucharist. Service being over, we met the Dean at the Church-Door, surrounded by a Crowd of Poor, to all of whom he gave Charity, excepting one old Woman, who held out a very dirty Hand to him; he told her very gravely, ' That though she was a Beggar, Water was not so scarce but she might have washed her Hands: ' And so we marched with the Silver Verge before us to the Deanery-House. When we came into the Parlour, the Dean kindly saluted me, and without allowing me Time to sit down, bade me come and see his Study; Mr. Pilkington was for following us, but the Dean told him merrily, He did not desire his Company;

and so he ventured to trust me with him into the Library; 'Well, says he, I have brought you here to shew you all the Money I got when I was in the Ministry, but do not steal any of it.' 'I will not indeed, Sir, says I;' so he opened a Cabinet, and shewed me a whole Parcel of empty Drawers; 'Bless me, says he, the Money is flown!' He then opened his Bureau, wherein he had a great Number of curious Trinkets of various Kinds, some of which he told me, 'Were presented to him by the Earl and Countess of Oxford; some by Lady Masbam, and some by Lady Betty Germain;' at last, coming to a Drawer filled with Medals, he bade me chuse two for myself; but he could not help smiling, when I began to poize them in my Hands, chusing them by Weight rather than Antiquity, of which indeed I was not then a Judge.

The Dean amused me in this Manner till we were summoned to Dinner, where his Behaviour was so humorous, that I cannot avoid relating some Part of it: He placed himself at the Head of the Table, opposite

to a great Pier-Glass, under which was a Marble Side-board, so that he could see in the Glass whatever the Servants did at it: He was served entirely in Plate, and with great Elegance; but the Beef being over-roasted, put us all in Confusion; the Dean called for the Cook-maid, and ordered her to take it down Stairs, and do it less; the Maid answered, very innocently 'That she could not: ' Why, what Sort of a Creature are you, says he, to commit a Fault which cannot be amended?' And turning to me he said, very gravely, 'That he hoped, as the Cook was a Woman of Genius, he should, by this Manner of arguing, be able, in about a Year's Time, to convince her she had better send up the Meat too little than too much done;' charging the Men Servants, 'Whenever they imagined the Meat was ready, they should take it Spit and all, and bring it up by Force, promising to aid them, in case the Cook resisted.' The Dean then turning his Eye on the Looking-glass, espied the Butler opening a Bottle of Ale, helping himself to the first Glass, and

very kindly jumbling the rest together, that his Master and Guests might all fare alike.

‘ Ha! Friend, says the Dean, Sharp’s the Word, I find; you drank my Ale, for which I stop two Shillings of your Board-Wages this Week, for I scorn to be out-done in any thing, even in cheating.’ Dinner at last was over, to my great Joy; for now I had Hope of a more agreeable Entertainment than what the squabbling with the Servants had afforded us.

The Dean thanked Mr. *Pilkington* for his Sermon: ‘ I never, says he, preached but twice in my Life, and then they were not Sermons, but Pamphlets.’ I asked him, ‘ What might be the Subject of them;’ he told me, ‘ They were against *Wood’s* Half-pence.’ ‘ Pray, Madam, says he, do you smoke;’ ‘ No indeed, Sir, says I;’ ‘ Nor your Husband;’ ‘ Neither, Sir:’ ‘ It is a Sign, said he, you were neither of you bred in the University of *Oxford*; for Drinking and Smoking are the first Rudiments of Learning taught there; and in those two Arts no University in *Europe* can out-do them.

‘ Pray

‘ Pray Mrs. *Pilkington* tell me your Faults;’
 ‘ Indeed, Sir, I must beg to be excused,
 ‘ for if I can help it, you shall never find
 ‘ them out;’ ‘ No, says he, then Mr.
 ‘ *Pilkington* shall tell me;’ ‘ I will, Sir,
 ‘ says he, when I have discovered them.’
 ‘ Pray Mr. Dean, says Dr. *Delany*, why
 ‘ will you be so unpolite, as to suppose Mrs.
 ‘ *Pilkington* has any Faults?’ ‘ Why, I will
 ‘ tell you replied the Dean; whenever I
 ‘ see a Number of agreeable Qualities in
 ‘ any Person, I am always sure, they have
 ‘ bad ones sufficient to poize the Scale.’ I
 bowed, and told the Dean, ‘ He did me
 ‘ great Honour:’ And in this I copied Bi-
 shop *Berkley*, whom I have frequently heard
 declare, ‘ That when any Speech was made
 ‘ to him, which might be construed either
 ‘ into a Compliment, or an Affront, or
 ‘ that (to make use of his own Word) had
 ‘ two Handles; he was so meek and so
 ‘ mild, that he always took hold of the
 ‘ best.’

The Dean then asked me, ‘ If I was a
 ‘ Queen, what I should chuse to have after
 ‘ Dinner?’ I answered, ‘ His Conversa-

‘ tion;’ ‘ Phoo! says he, I mean what
‘ Regale?’ ‘ A Dish of Coffee, Sir;’
‘ Why then I will so far make you as hap-
‘ py as a Queen, you shall have some in
‘ Perfection; for when I was Chaplain to
‘ the Earl of *Berkley*, who was in the Go-
‘ vernment here, I was so poor, I was ob-
‘ liged to keep a Coffee-house, and all the
‘ Nobility resorted to it to talk Treason:’ I
could not help smiling at this Oddity, but
I really had such an Awe on me, that
I could not venture to ask him, as I longed
to do, what it meant? The Bottle and
Glasses being taken away, the Dean set a-
bout making the Coffee; but the Fire
scorching his Hand, he called to me to
reach him his Glove, and changing the
Coffee-pot to his Left-hand, held out his
Right one, ordered me to put his Glove on
it, which accordingly I did; when taking
up Part of his Gown to fan himself with,
and acting in Character of a prudish Lady,
he said, ‘ Well, I do not know what to
‘ think; Women may be honest that do
‘ such Things, but, for my Part, I never
‘ could bear to touch any Man’s Flesh—
‘ except

‘ except my Husband’s, whom perhaps,
‘ says he, she wished at the Devil.

‘ Mr. *Pilkington*, says he, you would not
‘ tell me your Wife’s Faults ; But I have
‘ found her out to be a d—ned, insolent,
‘ proud, unmannerly Slut :’ I now looked
confounded, not knowing what Offence
I had committed.—Says Mr. *Pilkington*,

‘ Ay, Sir, I must confess she is a little sau-
‘ cy to me sometimes, but—what has she
‘ done now ?’ ‘ Done ! why nothing, but
‘ sat there quietly, and never once offered
‘ to interrupt me in making the Coffee ;
‘ whereas had I had a Lady of modern good
‘ Breeding here, she would have struggled
‘ with me for the Coffee-pot till she had
‘ made me scald myself and her, and
‘ throw the Coffee in the Fire ; or per-
‘ haps at her Head, rather than permit me
‘ to take so much trouble for her.’

This raised my Spirits, and as I found
the Dean always prefaced a Compliment
with an Affront, I never afterwards was
startled at the latter, (as too many have
been, not entering into his peculiarly ironical
Strain) but was modestly contented with

the former, which was more than I deserved, and which the Surprize rendered doubly pleasing.

By this Time, the Bell rang for Church; and Dr. *Delany* and Mr. *Pilkington*, who with myself were now all the Company, (for the rest departed before the Coffee was out) were obliged to attend the Summons: But as there is no Service in the Cathedral, but Evening-Prayer at Six o'Clock, I chose rather to attend the Dean there, than go to hear another Sermon; by this means I had him all to myself for near three Hours, during which Time he made me read to him the Annals of the four last Years of the Reign of Queen *Anne*, written by himself; the Intention of which seemed to be a Vindication of the then Ministry and himself, from having any Design of placing the Pretender on the Throne of *Great-Britain*: It began with a solemn Adjuration, that all the Facts therein contained were Truth, and then proceeded in the Manner of Lord *Clarendon*, with giving the particular Characters of every Person whom he should have occasion to mention; amongst whom,

Mrs. PILKINGTON. 61

I remember, he compared Lord *Bolingbroke* to *Petronius*, as one who agreeably mingled Business with Pleasure. At the Conclusion of every Period, he demanded of me, 'Whether I understood it? For I would, says he, have it intelligent to the meanest Capacity, and if you comprehend it, 'tis possible every body may.' I bowed, and assured him I did. And indeed it was written with such Perspicuity and Elegance of Stile, that I must have had no Capacity at all, if I did not taste what was so exquisitely beautiful.

Mr. *Pilkington*, when he was Chaplain to Alderman *Barber*, in the Year of his Mayoralty, mentioned those Annals to Mr. *Pope*, who said he had dissuaded the Dean from publishing them; as the Facts contained in them were notoriously false. I was greatly astonished when Mr. *Pilkington* told me this, nor could I tell what to determine: It seemed strange to me, that a Person of the Dean's good Sense and Veracity, should in the most solemn Manner invoke the Almighty to bear Testimony to Falshoods, publickly known to be such.

And

And yet as Mr. *Pope* was in Prose a Man of unquestioned Probity, and united to the Dean in the strictest Bonds of Friendship, and consequently, without doubt, well acquainted with the Transactions of those Times, we can hardly suppose he would speak in the manner he did, without just Grounds for so doing; and his Evidence seems strengthened by his being of the *Romish* Religion, which must certainly incline him to wish well to a Prince of the same Faith. However, upon the whole, I am inclined to judge charitably of the Dean; and to believe, that tho' the Ministers frequently employed him as a Writer, and entertained him as a Companion; yet they had not let him into the Depth of their Designs, *the Mystery of Iniquity!* So that what he relates in his Annals, of the inviolable Attachment of those in Power to the *Hanover* Succession and the *Protestant* Faith, might be by him believed to be Truth: For who so wise but may be deceived? And perhaps Mr. *Pope's* long and intimate Correspondence with Lord *Bolingbroke*, gave him a better Knowledge of
what

what was really intended at that critical Juncture. Pardon this Digression.

The Bell rang for Evening-Prayer, to which I accompanied the Dean. There is a fine Organ in this Church, which, with its antique Magnificence and so harmonious a Choir, brought *Milton's* Lines into my Mind:

*And let my due Feet never fail
To walk the studious Cloyster's Pale,
And love the high embowed Roof,
With antique Pillars, massy Proof,
And story'd Windows richly dight,
Shedding a dim religious Light ;
There let the pealing Organ blow
To the full-voice'd Choir below ;
In Service high ! and Anthem clear,
Which may with Pleasure thro' mine Ear,
Dissolve me into Extasies,
And bring all Heaven before my Eyes.*

On our Return to the Deanery-house, we found there, waiting our coming, Dr. Delany and Mr. Rockford, to whose Wife, *A Letter of Advice to a new-married Lady,*
(published

(publish'd since in the Dean's Works) was written, and which by the bye, the Lady did not take as a Compliment, either to her or the Sex, Mr. *Pilkington*, Dr. *Sberidan*, Author of the Art of Punning, with two or three other Clergymen, (who usually pass'd Sunday Evening with the Dean) Mr. *Pilkington* and I were for going Home, but the Dean told us, ' He gave ' us leave to stay to Supper;' which from him was a sufficient Invitation. The Dean then pulled out of his Pocket, a little Gold Runlet, in which was a Bottle-Screw, and opening a Bottle of Wine, he decanted it off; the last Glass being muddy, he called to Mr. *Pilkington* to drink it: ' For, says ' he, I always keep some poor Parson to ' drink the foul Wine for me :, Mr. *Pilkington*, entering into his Humour, thanked him, and told him, ' He did not know ' the Difference, but was glad to get a ' Glass at any rate: ' Why then, says the ' Dean, you shan't, for I'll drink it myself: Why, P——x take you, you are ' wiser than a paultry Curate, whom I ' asked to dine with me a few Days ago;

for

for upon my making the same Speech to him, he told me he did not understand such Usage, and so walked off without his Dinner. By the same Token, I told the Gentleman who recommended him to me, That the Fellow was a Blockhead, and I had done with him.'

The Dean then missing his Golden Bottle-Screw, told me, very sternly, 'He was sure I had stolen it:' I affirmed, very seriously, 'I had not:' Upon which he looked for it, and found it where he himself had laid it; 'Tis well for you, says he, that I have got it, or I would have charged you with Theft:' 'Why, pray, Sir, should I be suspected more than any other Person in the Company?' 'For a very good Reason, says he, because you are the poorest.'

There now came in, to sup with the Dean, one of the oddest little Mortals I ever met with: He formerly wrote the *Gazetteer*; and upon the Strength of being an Author, and of having travelled, took upon him not only to dictate to the Company, but to contradict whatever any other

other Person advanced, right or wrong, till he had entirely silenced them all: And then having the whole Talk to himself (for, to my great Surprize the Dean neither interrupted nor shewed any Dislike of him) he told us a whole String of Improbabilities, such as, ‘ That each Pillar of St. Peter’s at Rome took up more Ground than a Convent which was near it, where in were twelve Monks, with their Chapel, Garden, and Infirmary.’ By this Account, every Pillar must take up at least half an Acre, and, considering the Number of them, we must conclude the Edifice to be some Miles in Circumference. No one present had ever been at Rome except himself, so that he might tell us just what he thought proper.

I took notice, that before this dogmatical Gentleman the Dean was most remarkably complaisant to Mr. Pilkington and me, and at our going away, the Dean would hand me down all the Steps to the Coach, thanking us for the Honour of our Company, at the same time sliding into my Hand as much Money as Mr. Pilkington

wrong on and I had given at the Offering in the Morning, and Coach-hire also, which I durst not refuse, lest I should have been deemed as great a Blockhead as the Parson, who refused the thick Wine.

It has been a Matter of Dispute amongst the Learned, whether *England* or *Ireland* had the Honour of giving to the World this admirable Person; 'tis probable Posterity may contend this Point, as warmly as the seven Cities of *Greece* did the Birth-place of *Homer*: And tho' in reality 'tis of no great Importance where a Man is born; yet as the *Irish* are the eternal Ridicule of the *English* for their Ignorance, I am proud *Hibernia* had the Happiness of producing this brilliant Wit, to redeem the Credit of the Country; and to convince the World, a Man may draw his first Breath there, and yet be learned, wise, and generous, religious, witty, social and polite.

The Account I have frequently heard the Dean give of himself, was, that he was born in *Hoy's-Alley*, in *Warburgh's* Parish, *Dublin*; his Father was a Lawyer, and returning from the Circuit, he unfortunately brought

brought home the Itch with him, which he had got by lying in some foul Bed on the Road. Somebody advised him to use Mercury to cure it, which Prescription cost him his Life in a very few Days after his Return. The Dean was a posthumous Son to this Gentleman, but, as he said, came time enough to save his Mother's Credit. He was given to an *Irish* Woman to nurse, whose Husband being in *England*, and writing to her to come to him; as she could not bear the Thoughts of parting with the Child, she very fairly took him with her, unknown to his Mother, or any of his Relations, who could learn no Tidings either of him or her for three Years at the End of which Time, she returned to *Ireland*, and restored the Child to his Mother, from whom she easily obtained a Pardon, both on account of the Joy she conceived at seeing her only Son again, when she had in a manner lost all Hope of it; as also, that it was plain, the Nurse had no other Motive for stealing him, but pure Affection, which the Women of *Ireland* generally have in as eminent Degree, for

the Children they nurse, as for their own
offspring.

I believe the Dean's early Youth did
not promise that bright Day of Wit which
has since enlightened the learned World.
Whilst he was at the University of *Dublin*,
he was so far from being distinguished for
any Superiority of Parts or Learning, that
he was stopped of his Degree, as a Dunce.
When I heard the Dean relate this Circum-
stance, for I set down nothing but what I
had from his own Mouth, I told him, I
supposed he had been idle; but he affirmed
the contrary; assuring me, he was real-
ly dull, which, if true, is very surprising.

I have often been led to look on the
World as a Garden, and the human Minds
as so many Plants, set by the Hand of the
great Creator, for Utility and Ornament.
Thus, some we see, early produce beauti-
ful Blossoms, and as soon fade away;
others, whose Germs are more slow in un-
folding, but more permanent, when
blown; and others again, who tho' longer
in arriving at Perfection, not only bless us
then with Shade and Odour, but also with
delicious

delicious wholesome Fruit. To go on with the Allegory, we often hear from Children very bright Sallies of Wit, and Reflections above their Years: From these hopeful Beginnings we are apt to expect something very extraordinary in their Maturity, but how often are we disappointed? How often do we see these sparkling Children dwindle gradually into the most humdrum Men and Women, as if, to make use of the Florists Phrase, the *Blow* was quite over; and some, whose Childhood has given no Presages of great Talents, have improved every Year, till they have brought forth the beautiful Flowers of Poetry and Rhetorick, and the rich Fruits of Wisdom and Virtue.

Whether this Comparison will hold, I submit to the Judgment of those who are better acquainted with the secret Workings of Nature, than I can presume to be. I am afraid of going out of my Depth, and yet I have a great Inclination to say a little more on this Subject.

I have known a Person, who in his Youth was an extraordinary Adept in Music, and performed

performed on several Instruments extremely well. I saw the same Person some Years after; and lo! his musical Talent was entirely lost, and he was then a very good Painter. Now I could not help forming a Notion in my own Mind, that as our Ideas depend on the Fibres of the Brain, it was possible we might, by the continual Use of some particular one, weaken it so as to make it perish, and at the same time, another might exert, from that very Cause, itself, with double Strength. Thus, I suppose, when this Gentleman's musical Fibres perished, his painting one's shot forth with Vigour. If there be any Truth in this Whim of mine, which, I own, I am fond of believing myself, we may easily account for the various Dispositions which we meet with, even in the same Person at different Periods of Life.

But to return. Altho' it is not in my Power to give a succinct Account of the Dean's Life, neither have I any Intention to attempt it, yet I believe I am better qualified to do it, than most of those who have undertaken it, as they were absolute Strangers

Strangers to him, and relate Things upon Hearsay. The Dean, for the latter Part of his Life, contracted his Acquaintance into a very narrow Compass, for as he was frequently deaf, he thought this Infirmary made him troublesome, and therefore kept no Company but such as he could be so free with, as to bid them speak loud, or repeat what they had said; it was owing to this, that Mr. *Pilkington* and I frequently passed whole Days with him, while Numbers of our Betters were excluded; and as he was like another *Nestor*, full of Days and Wisdom, so like him, he was pretty much upon the Narrative, than which nothing could be more delightful to me, as Pleasure and Instruction flowed from his Lips:

His Words

*Drew Audience, and Attention still as Night,
Or Summer's Noon-tide Air.*

MIL.

I remember in one of these periodical Fits of Deafness, for they returned on certain Seasons on him, he sent for me early in the Morning; he told me when I came,

he had found Employment for me; so he brought to me, out of his Study, a large Book, very finely bound in *Turkey Leather*, and curious gilt; this, says he, is a Translation of the Epistles of *Horace*, a Present to me from the Author; it is a special good Cover! But I have a Mind there should be something valuable in the Inside of it; so taking out his Pen-knife, he cut out all the Leaves, close to the inner Margin. Now, says, he, I will give these what they greatly want, and so threw them all into the Fire. He then brought up two Drawers filled with Letters: Your Task, Madam, is to paste in these Letters in this Cover, in the Order I shall give them to you; I intended to do it myself, but that I thought it might be a pretty Amusement for a Child, so I sent for you. I told him, I was extremely proud to be honoured with his Commands: But, Sir, may I presume to make a Request to you; yes, says he, but ten to one I shall deny it. I hope not, Sir: it is this; may I have leave to read the Letters as I go on? Why, provided you will acknowledge yourself amply re-

Vol I. E warded

warded for your Trouble, I do not much care if I indulge you so far; but are you sure you can read? I do not know, Sir, I will try. Well then begin with this: It was a Letter from Lord *Bolingbroke*, dated six o'Clock in the Morning; it began with a Remark, how differently that Hour appeared to him, now rising, cool, serene, and temperate, to contemplate the Beauties of Nature, to what it had done in some former Parts of his Life, when he was either in the midst of Excesses, or returning Home sated with them; so he proceeded to describe the numberless Advantages with which Temperance and Virtue bless their Votaries, and the Miseries which attend a contrary Course. The Epistle was pretty long, and the most refined Piece of moral Philosophy I ever met with, as indeed every one of his were; and I had the unspeakable Delight of reading several of them.

Nor can I be at all surprized, that Mr. *Pope* should so much celebrate a Genius, who, for Sublimity of Thought, and Elegance of Stile, had few Equals. The rest of the Dean's Correspondents, were, the
Lady

Lady *Masham*, the Earl of *Oxford*, Dr. *Atterbury*, Bishop *Burnet*, Lord *Bathurst*, Mr. *Addison*, Archdeacon *Parnell*, Mr. *Congreve*, Mr. *Poultney*, Mr. *Pope*, Mr. *Gay*, Dr. *Arbutnot*; a noble, and a learned Set! So my Readers may judge what a Banquet I had. I could not avoid remarking to the Dean, that notwithstanding the Friendship Mr. *Pope* professed for Mr. *Gay*, he could not forbear a great many satirical, or, if I may be allowed to say so, envious Remarks on the Success of the *Beggar's Opera*. The Dean very frankly owned, he did not think Mr. *Pope* was so candid to the Merits of other Writers, as he ought to be. I then ventured to ask the Dean, whether he thought the Lines Mr. *Pope* addresses him with, in the Beginning of the *Dunciad*, were any Compliment to him? viz.

O thou! whatever Title please thine Ear.
Dunciad.

'I believe, says he, they were meant as such; but they are very stiff;'—'Indeed

‘ Sir, said I, he is so perfectly a Master of
 ‘ harmonious Number, that had his Heart
 ‘ been in the least affected with his Subject,
 ‘ he must have writ better ;’ ‘ How cold,
 ‘ how forced, are his Lines to you, com-
 ‘ pared with yours to him.

* *Hail happy Pope, whose generous Mind.*

Here we see the masterly Poet, and the
 warm, sincere, generous Friend ; while he,
 according to the Character he gives of Mr.
Addison, damns with faint Praise.—‘ Well
 ‘ replied the Dean, I will shew you a late
 ‘ Letter of his to me ;’ he did so ; and I
 own I was surprized to find it filled with
 low and ungentleman-like Reflections both
 on Mr. *Gay* and the two noble Persons
 who honoured him with their Patronage
 after his Disappointment at Court. ‘ Well,
 ‘ Madam, said the Dean, what do you
 ‘ think of that Letter ? (seeing I had gone
 ‘ quite through it :)—‘ Indeed, Sir, re-
 ‘ turned I, I am sorry I have read it ; for
 ‘ it gives me Reason to think there is no
 ‘ such

* See *Swift's Libel on Lord Carteret*.

‘ such thing as a sincere Friend to be met
 ‘ with in the World.’ ‘ Why, replied he,
 ‘ Authors are as jealous of their Preroga-
 ‘ tive as Kings, and can no more bear a
 ‘ Rival in the Empire of Wit, than a Mo-
 ‘ narch could in his Dominions.’ ‘ But,
 ‘ Sir, said I, here is a *Latin* Sentence writ
 ‘ in *Italics*, which, I suppose, means some-
 ‘ thing particular; will you be so kind to
 ‘ explain it?’ ‘ No, replied he, smiling,
 ‘ — I will leave that for your Husband to
 ‘ do; — I will send for him to come and
 ‘ dine with us, and in the mean time we
 ‘ will go and take a Walk in *Naboth’s*
 ‘ Vineyard:’ ‘ Where may that be, pray,
 ‘ Sir?’ — ‘ Why a Garden that I cheated
 ‘ one of my Neighbours out of.’ — When
 we entered the Garden, or rather the
 Field, which was square, and inclosed, with
 a Stone Wall, the Dean asked me how
 I liked it? ‘ Why pray, Sir, said I, where
 ‘ is the Garden?’ ‘ Look behind you,’ said
 he; I did so, and observed the South Wall
 was lined with Brick, and a great Num-
 ber of Fruit Trees planted against it, which
 being then in Blossom, looked very beau-

tiful. ‘ What are you so intent on, said
 ‘ the Dean?’ ‘ The opening Blooms, Sir,
 ‘ which brought *Waller’s* Lines to my Re-
 ‘ membrance:————

Hope waits upon the flow’ry Prime.

‘ Oh! replied he, you are in a poetical
 ‘ Vein; I thought you had been taking
 ‘ Notice of my Wall! it is the best in *Ire-*
 ‘ *land*; when the Mafons were building it,
 ‘ (as most Tradesmen are Rogues) I
 ‘ watched them very close, and as often as
 ‘ they could, they put in a rotten Stone,
 ‘ of which however, I took no Notice, till
 ‘ they had built three or four Perches be-
 ‘ yond it; now as I am an absolute Monarch
 ‘ in the *Liberties**, and King of the Mob,
 ‘ my Way with them was to have the
 ‘ Wall thrown down to the Place where I
 ‘ observed the rotten Stone, and by doing
 ‘ so five or six Times, the Workmen were
 ‘ at last convinced it was their Interest to
 ‘ be honest.’ Or else, Sir, said I, ‘ your
 ‘ Wall would have been as tedious a Piece of
 ‘ Work

* *Liberties* belonging to the Dean.

‘ Work as *Penelope’s* Web, if all that was
 ‘ done in the Day was to be undone at
 ‘ Night :’ ‘ Well, answered he, I find you
 ‘ have Poetry for every Occasion ; but - as
 ‘ you cannot keep Pace with me in walk-
 ‘ ing ; (for indeed I was not quite so light
 ‘ then, as I had been some Months before)
 ‘ I would have you sit down on that little
 ‘ Bank, till you are rested, or I tired, to
 ‘ put us more upon a par.’

I seated myself, and away the Dean walk-
 ed, or rather trolled, as hard as ever he
 could drive. I could not help smiling at
 his odd Gait, for I thought to myself, he
 had written so much in Praise of Horses,
 that he was resolved to imitate them as
 nearly as he could : As I was indulging
 this Fancy, the Dean returned to me, and
 gave me a strong Confirmation of his Par-
 tiality to those Animals ; ‘ I have been
 ‘ considering, Madam, as I walked, said
 ‘ he, what a Fool Mr. *Pilkington* was to
 ‘ marry you, for he could have afforded to
 ‘ keep a Horse for less Money than you
 ‘ cost him, and that, you must confess,
 ‘ would have given him better Exercise, and

‘ more Pleasure than a Wife: — Why
‘ you laugh, and do not answer me — is
‘ not it Truth?’ ‘ I must answer you, Sir,
‘ with another Question: Pray how can a
‘ Batchelor judge of this Matter?’ ‘ I find,
‘ said he, you are vain enough to give
‘ yourself the Preference:’ ‘ I do, Sir, to
‘ that Species here: a *Houyhnhnm*, I would,
‘ as becomes me, give Place to: But, Sir,
‘ it is going to rain;’ — ‘ I hope not, said
‘ he, for that will cost me Six-pence for a
‘ Coach for you, (this Garden being at
‘ some Distance from his House) come,
‘ make haste: O how the Tester trembles
‘ in my Pocket!’ I obey’d, and we got in a
‘ Doors just Time enough to escape a heavy
‘ Shower. ‘ Thank God, said the Dean, I
‘ have saved my Money; here, you Fellow,
‘ (to his Servant) carry this Six-pence to the
‘ lame old Man that sells Ginger-bread at
‘ the Corner, because he tries to do some-
‘ thing, and does not beg.’

The Dean shewed me into a little Street-
Parlour, (where sat his Housekeeper, a
matron-like Gentlewoman, at work) ‘ Here,
‘ says he, Mrs. *Brent*, take Care of this
‘ Child,

‘ Child, meaning me) and see she does no
 ‘ Mischief, while I take my Walk out
 ‘ within Doors:’ The Deanery-House has
 I know not how many Pair of Back-Stairs
 in it; the preceding Dean who built it
 being it seems extremely fearful of Fire,
 was resolved there should be many Ways
 to escape in Case of Danger.

The Dean then ran up the Great-Stairs,
 down one Pair of Back-Stairs, up another,
 in so violent a Manner, that I could not
 help expressing my Uneasiness to the good
 Gentlewoman, lest he should fall, and be
 hurt; she said, ‘ It was a customary Ex-
 ‘ ercise with him, when the Weather did
 ‘ not permit him to walk abroad.’

I told Mrs. *Brent*, ‘ I believed the Dean
 ‘ was extremely charitable;’ ‘ Indeed, Ma-
 ‘ dam, replied she, No body can be more
 ‘ so; his Income is not above six hundred
 ‘ Pounds a Year, and every Year he gives
 ‘ above the Half of it in private Pensions
 ‘ to decay’d Families; besides this, he keeps
 ‘ five hundred Pounds in the constant Ser-
 ‘ vice of the industrious Poor: This he
 ‘ lends out in five Pounds at a Time, and

‘ takes the Payment back at twelve Pence
‘ a Week ; this does them more Service,
‘ than if he gave it to them entirely, as it
‘ obliges them to work, and at the same
‘ Time keeps up this charitable Fund for
‘ the Assistance of many. You cannot i-
‘ maginé what Numbers of poor Tradesmen,
‘ who have even wanted proper Tools to
‘ carry on their Work, have, by this small
‘ Loan, been put into a prosperous Way,
‘ and brought up their Families in Credit.
‘ The Dean, added she, has found out a
‘ new Method of being charitable, in which
‘ however, I believe, he will have but few
‘ Followers ; which is, to debar himself of
‘ what he calls the Superfluities of Life, in
‘ order to administer to the Necessities of
‘ the Distressed ; you just now saw an In-
‘ stance of it ; the Money a Coach would
‘ have cost him, he gave to a poor Man,
‘ unable to walk. When he dines alone, he
‘ drinks a Pint of Beer, and gives away
‘ the Price of a Pint of Wine ; and thus he
‘ acts in numberless Instances.’

My Reader will, I hope, do me the Jus-
tice to believe I was quite charmed with this

Account

Account of the Dean's beneficent Spirit; and I no longer wondered so many of the Clergy endeavoured to depreciate him; for, as it is well known, there are not, in the general, a more voluptuous Set of Men living, this Doctrine of *Self-denial* was enough to make them pour out all their Anathema's on him, and brand him with the Name of *Atheist*, Unbeliever, and such like Terms, as they in their Christian Zeal thought proper to bestow.

I before admired the Dean, as a Person of distinguished Genius, but now I learned to revere him as the Angel of *Ireland*. The Dean running into the Parlour, threw a whole Packet of Manuscript Poems into my Lap, and so he did for five or six Times successively, till I had an Apron full of Wit and Novelty, (for they were all of his own Writing) and such as had not then been made public, and many of them, I believe, never will. Mr. *Pilkington* coming, according to the Dean's Desire, to Dinner, found me deeply engaged, and sat down to partake of my Entertainment, till we were summoned to Table, to a less

noble Part. Well, Mr. *Pilkington*, said the
 ‘ Dean, I hope you are jealous; I have
 ‘ had your Wife a good many Hours,
 ‘ and as she is a likely Girl, and I a very
 ‘ young Man, (*Note*, he was upwards of
 ‘ Threescore) you do not know what
 ‘ may have happened: Tho’ I must tell
 ‘ you, you are very partial to her; for
 ‘ here I have not been acquainted with
 ‘ her above six Months, and I have al-
 ‘ ready discovered two intolerable Faults
 ‘ in her; ’tis true, I looked sharp, or per-
 ‘ haps they might have escaped my No-
 ‘ tice: Nay, Madam, do not look sur-
 ‘ prised, I am resolved to tell your Hus-
 ‘ band that he may break you of them.’
 ‘ Indeed, Sir, returned I, my Surprize is,
 ‘ that you have not found out two and
 ‘ fifty in half that time; but let me know
 ‘ them, and I will mend of them, if I
 ‘ can.’ ‘ Well put in, says he, for I be-
 ‘ lieve you can’t; but eat your Dinner,
 ‘ however, for they are not capital.’ I
 obeyed, yet was very impatient to know
 any particular Errors; he told me, ‘ I
 ‘ should hear of them Time enough.’

The Things being taken away ; ‘ Now,
 ‘ good Sir, said I, tell me what I do amiss,
 ‘ that I may reform ;’ ‘ No, returned he ;
 ‘ but I’ll tell your Husband before your
 ‘ Face, to shame you the more :—In the
 ‘ first Place, Mr. *Pilkington*, she had the
 ‘ insolence this Morning, not only to desire
 ‘ to read the Writings of the most cele-
 ‘ brated Genius’s of the Age, in which I
 ‘ indulged her ; but she must also, for-
 ‘ sooth, pretend to praise or censure them,
 ‘ as if she knew something of the Matter ;
 ‘ indeed her Remarks were not much a-
 ‘ miss, considering they were Guess-
 ‘ Work ; but this Letter here of Mr.
 ‘ *Pope*’s she has absolutely condemned ;
 ‘ read it, (he did so ;) take notice of it,
 ‘ said the Dean ; she would also have had
 ‘ me explain that *Latin* Sentence to her,
 ‘ but I had some Modesty, tho’ she had
 ‘ none you see.’ ‘ Why, Sir, said I, sure
 ‘ Mr. *Pope* would not (especially to you)
 ‘ write any thing, which even a Virgin
 ‘ might not read.’ Now, Mr. *Pilkington*,
 ‘ said the Dean, is her Curiosity at work ;
 ‘ I’ll be hang’d if she lets you sleep to-
 ‘ night till you have satisfied it. But this

‘ is

‘ is not all ; she had the Vanity to affirm,
 ‘ that she thought herself preferable to a
 ‘ Horse, and more capable of giving you
 ‘ Pleasure: Nay, she laughed in my Face
 ‘ for being of a different Opinion ; and
 ‘ asked me how a Batchelor should know
 ‘ any thing of the Matter? If you don’t
 ‘ take down her Pride, there will be no
 ‘ bearing her.’

‘ Indeed, Sir, said Mr *Pilkington*, ‘tis
 ‘ your Fault that she is so conceited ; she
 ‘ was always disposed to be saucy, but
 ‘ since you have done her the Honour to
 ‘ take notice of her, and make her your
 ‘ Companion, there is no such thing as
 ‘ mortifying her.’ ‘ Very fine, said the
 ‘ Dean, I have got much by complaining
 ‘ to you, to have all your Wife’s Faults
 ‘ laid at my Door.’ ‘ Well, Sir, said I,
 ‘ all these Misdemeanors may be included
 ‘ under the Article of *Pride*: Now, let
 ‘ me know my other Crime:’ ‘ Why,
 ‘ said he, you can’t walk fast ; but at pre-
 ‘ sent, I excuse you.’ ‘ Well, Sir, if I
 ‘ can’t mend my Pride, I’ll try to mend
 ‘ my Pace.’ Mr. *Pilkington*, said he, I
 ‘ have

‘ have a mind to clip your Wife’s Wit’.
 ‘ Indeed, Sir, said I, that’s Death by Law,
 ‘ for ’tis Sterling.’ ‘ Shut up your Mouth,
 ‘ for all Day, *Letty*, said Mr. *Pilkington*,
 ‘ for that Answer is real Wit.’ ‘ Nay,
 ‘ said the Dean, I believe we had better
 ‘ shut up our own, for at this rate she’ll
 ‘ be too many for us.’ I am sure, if I
 was not proud before, this was enough to
 make me so.

The Dean guessed right, when he said,
 I would not let Mr. *Pilkington* sleep till he
 had explained to me the *Latin* Sentence in
 Mr. *Pope*’s Letter ; which, at my Request,
 he did. And, indeed, none but such a
 wicked Wit could have contrived to turn
 the Words of our blessed Saviour, so as to
 make them convey a very impure, as well
 as a most uncharitable, Idea to the Mind.

Feuds ran so high between my Mother
 and Mr. *Pilkington*, that my Life became
 very unhappy. So we determined to quit
 my Father’s House for a little one of our
 own, which my Husband’s Father made us
 a Present of ; and which, by the Bounty
 of our Friends, who came a House-
 warming

warning to us, was soon elegantly furnished; there was a large Garden to it, which Mr. *Pilkington* laid out in a most beautiful Taste, and built a delightful Summer-house in it, fit indeed for a Nobleman; here we usually entertained our Friends; here also we both invoked the Muse. Mr. *Pilkington* coming in Curate, (by the Removal of Dr. *Owens* to a Living, of whose Behaviour to me in my Misfortunes, I shall have occasion to speak) and by having the Honour of being Chaplain to Lady *Claremont*, with an annual Allowance I had from my Father, our Income was about one hundred Pounds a Year; so that having no Rent to pay, and having my Father's Coach and Table always at our Command, we could, in so cheap a Country as *Ireland*, live in a very decent Manner; as Dr. *Swift* mentions in a Letter of his to Mr. *Pope*, now published amongst others.

The Dean came to dine with us in our *Lilliputian* Palace, as he called it; and, who could have thought it? he just looked into the Parlour, and ran up into the Gar-

ret,

ret, then into my Bed-chamber, and Library, and from thence down to the Kitchen; and well it was for me that the House was very clean; for he complimented me on it, and told me, 'That was his Custom; and that 'twas from the Cleanliness of the Garret and Kitchen he judged of the good Housewifery of the Mistress of the House; for no doubt, but a Slut would have the Rooms clean, where the Guests were to be entertained.'

He really was sometimes very rude, even to his Superiors, of which the following Story, related to me by himself, may serve as one Instance among a Thousand others.

The last time he was in *London*, he went to dine with the Earl of *Burlington*, who was then but newly married. My Lord being willing, I suppose, to have some Diversion, did not introduce him to his Lady, nor mention his Name: 'Tis to be observed, his Gown was generally very rusty, and his Person no way extraordinary.

—After Dinner, said the Dean, 'Lady *Burlington*, I hear you can sing; sing me a Song.' The Lady looked on this

unce-

unceremonious manner of asking a Favour with a Disgust, and positively refused him. He said, she should sing, or he would make her. ‘Why, Madam, I suppose
 ‘you take me for one of your poor paul-
 ‘try *English* Hedge Parsons; sing, when
 ‘I bid you.’ As the Earl did nothing but laugh at this Freedom, the Lady was so vexed that she burst into Tears, and retired.

His first Compliment to her, when he saw her again, was, ‘Pray, Madam, are
 ‘you as proud and as ill-natured now, as
 ‘when I saw you last?’ To which she answered with great good Humour,—‘No,
 ‘Mr. Dean; I’ll sing for you, If you
 ‘please.’—From which time he conceived great Esteem for her. But who that knew him would take offence at his Bluntness? It seems Queen *Caroline* did not, if we may Credit his own Lines, wherein he declares, That he

*With Princes kept a due Decorum,
 But never stood in Awe before ’em;*

And

Pilk

*And to the present Queen, God bless her,
Would speak as free as to her Dresser ;
She thought it his peculiar Whim,
Nor took it ill—as come from him.*

SWIFT, on his own Death.

I cannot recollect that ever I saw the Dean laugh ; perhaps he thought it beneath him ; for when any Pleasantry passed, which might have excited it, he used to suck in his Cheeks, as Folks do when they have a Plug of Tobacco in their Mouths, to avoid Risibility. He frequently put me in mind of *Shakespear's* Description of *Cassius*.

*He is a great Discerner, and he looks
Quite thro' the Deeds of Men——*

*Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his
Spirit,*

That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

As the Dean, and, after his Example, Mr. Pilkington, were eternally satyrizing and ridiculing

ridiculing the *Female* Sex ; I had a very great Inclination to be even with them, and expose the Inconstancy of the Men ; and borrowing a Hint from a Story in the *Peruvian* Tales, I formed from it the following Poem ; which I hope will be acceptable to my fair Readers, as it is peculiarly addressed to them.

THE
S T A T U E S :

OR, THE
T R I A L of C O N S T A N C Y.

A Tale for the LADIES.

IN a fair Island, in the Southern Main,
Blest with indulgent Skies, and kindly
Rain,
A Princess liv'd, of Origin divine,
Of Bloom celestial, and Imperial Line.

In that sweet Season, when the mounting
Sun

Prepares with Joy his radiant Course to run ;
Led by the Graces, and the dancing Hours,
And wakes to Life the various Race of
Flowers ;

The

The lovely Queen forsook her shining Court,
For rural Scenes, and healthful sylvan Sport.

It so befel, that as, in chearful Talk,
Her Nymphs and she pursu'd their Eve-
ning Walk;

On the green Margin of the oozy Deep,
They found a graceful Youth dissolv'd in
Sleep,

Whose Charms the Queen survey'd with
fond Delight,

And hung enamour'd o'er the pleasing Sight:

By her Command, the Youth was strait
convey'd,

And, sleeping, softly in her Palace laid.

Now ruddy Morning purpled o'er the
Skies,

And beamy Light unseal'd the Stranger's
Eyes,

Who cry'd aloud, Ye Gods, unfold this
Scene!

Where am I! What can all these Wonders
mean?

Scarce

Scarce had he spoke, when with officious
Care,
Attendant Nymphs a fragrant Bath prepare;
He rose, he bath'd, and on his lovely Head
Ambrosial Sweets, and precious Oil they
shed:
To deck his polish'd Limbs, a Robe they
brought,
In all the various Dyes of Beauty wrought.
Then led him to the Queen, who on a
Throne
Of burnish'd Gold, and beamy Diamonds
shone:
But oh! what Wonder seiz'd her beauteous
Guest!
What Love, what Extasy, his Soul possess!
Entranc'd he stood, and on his falt'ring
Tongue
Imperfect Words, and half-form'd Accents
hung:
Nor less the Queen the blooming Youth
admir'd,
Nor less Delight and Love her Soul
inspir'd.

O Stranger! said the Queen, if hither
driven,

By adverse Winds, or sent a Guest from
Heav'n,

To me the wretched never sue in vain,
This fruitful Isle acknowledges my Reign;
Then speak thy Wishes, and thy Wants
declare,

And no Denial shall attend your Pray'r;
She paus'd and blush'd—the Youth his
Silence broke,

And, kneeling, thus the charming Queen
bespoke:

O Goddess! for a Form so bright as thine,
Speaks thee descended of celestial Line;
Low at your Feet a prostrate King behold,
Whose faithless Subjects sold his Life for
Gold;

fly a cruel Tyrant's lawless Hand,
And Shipwreck drove my Vessel on your
Strand.

But why do I complain of Fortune's Frowns?
Or what are Titles, Honours, Scepters,
Crowns,

To

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Or what are Titles, Honours, Scepters,
Crowns,

To

To this sweet Moment? While in fond
Amaze

On such transporting Excellence I gaze!
Such Symmetry of Shape! so fair a Face!
Such finish'd Excellence, such perfect
Grace!

Hear then my only Wish, and oh! approve
The ardent Prayer which supplicates thy
Love.

From *Neptune* know, O Prince, my
Birth I claim,
Replies the Queen, and *Lucida's* my Name;
This Island, these attendant Nymphs he
gave,
The fair hair'd Daughters of the azure
Wave!
But he whose Fortune gains me for a
Bride
Must have his Constancy severely try'd.
One Day each Moon am I compell'd to
go
To my great Father's wat'ry Realms below,
Where coral Groves cœlestial red display,
And blazing Di'monds emulate the Day;

In this short Absence if your Love endures,
My Heart and Empire are for ever yours ;
And hoary *Neptune*, to reward your Truth,
Shall crown you with immortal Bloom and
Youth ;

But instant Death will on your Falshood
wait,

Nor can my Tenderneſs prevent your Fate;
Twice twenty Times in Wedlock's ſacred
Band,

My royal Father join'd my plighted Hand ;
Twice twenty noble Youths, alas! are
dead,

Who in my Abſence ſtain'd the Nuptial
Bed ;

Your Virtues, Prince, may claim a nobler
Throne,

But mine is yielded on theſe Terms alone.

Delightful Terms! reply'd the raptur'd
Youth,

Accept my Conſtancy, my endless Truth.
Perfidious faithleſs Men! enrag'd, he cry'd,
They merited the Fate by which they
dy'd ;

Accept a Heart incapable of Change,
Thy Beauty shall forbid Desire to range ;
No other Form shall to my Eye seem
fair,

No other Voice attract my list'ning Ear,
No Charms but thine shall e'er my Soul
approve,

So aid thy Vot'ry, potent God of Love I

Now loud Applauses thro' the Palace
ring,

The duteous Subjects hail their god-like
King:

To feastful Mirth they dedicate the Day,
While tuneful Voices chant the nuptial Lay.
Love-ditty'd Airs, hymn'd by the vocal
Quire,

Sweetly attemper'd to the warbling Lyre;
But when the Sun descending sought the
Main,

And low-brow'd Night assumed her silent
Reign;

They to the Marriage-bed convey'd the
Bride,

And laid the raptur'd Bridegroom by her
Side.

Now

Now rose the Sun, and with auspicious
Ray,
Dispell'd the dewy Mists, and gave the
Day ;

When *Lucida*, with anxious Care oppress'd,
Thus wak'd her sleeping Lord from downy
Rest :

Soul of my Soul, and Monarch of my
Heart,

This Day, she cry'd, this fatal Day, we
part ;

Yet if your Love uninjur'd you retain,
We soon shall meet in Happiness again,
To part no more ; but rolling Years employ
In circling Bliss, and never-fading Joy :

Alas ! my boding Soul is lost in Woe,
And from my Eyes the Tears unbidden
flow.

Joy of my Life, dismiss those needless
Fears,

Reply'd the King, and stay those precious
Tears ;

Should lovely *Venus* leave her native Sky,
And at my Feet, imploring Fondness, lie,
E'en she, the radiant Queen of soft Desires,
Should, disappointed, burn with hopeless
Fires.

The Heart of Man the Queen's Experi-
ence knew
Perjur'd and false, yet wish'd to find him
true:
She sigh'd retiring, and in Regal State,
The King conducts her to the Palace Gate;
Where sacred *Neptune's* chrystal Chariot
stands,
The wond'rous Work of his celestial Hands:
Six harness'd Swans the bright Machine
convey
Swift thro' the Air, or pathless wat'ry Way;
The Birds with eagle-speed the Air divide,
And plunge the Goddess in the sounding
Tide.

Slow to the Court the pensive King re-
turns,
And sighs in secret, and in Silence mourns;
So

So in the Grove sad *Philomel* complains
 In mournful Accents, and melodious Strains:
 Her plaintive Woes fill the resounding
 Lawn,
 From starry *Vesper* to the rosy Dawn.

The King, to mitigate his tender Pain,
 Seeks the Apartment of the Virgin Train,
 With sportive Mirth sad Absence to be-
 guile,
 And bid the melancholy Moments smile;
 But there deserted lonely Rooms he found,
 And solitary Silence reign'd around.

He call'd aloud, when, lo! a Hag ap-
 pears,
 Bending beneath Deformity and Years,
 Who said, my Liege, explain your sacred
 Will,
 With Joy your Sov'reign Purpose I ful-
 fil.

My Will! detested Wretch! avoid my
 Sight,
 And hide that hideous Shape in endless
 Night.

What! does thy Queen, o'er-run with rude
Distrust,

Resolve by Force to keep a Husband just?

You wrong, reply'd the Hag, your
royal Wife,

Whose Care is Love, and Love to guard
your Life.

The Race of Mortals are by Nature frail,
And strong Temptations with the Best
prevail.

Be that my Care, he said, be thine to send
The Virgin Train, let them my Will
attend.

The Beldam fled——The chearful
Nymphs advance,
And tread to measur'd Airs the mazy
Dance;
The raptur'd Prince with greedy Eye surveys
The bloomy Maids, and covets still to gaze;
No more recalls the Image of his Spouse,
How false is Man! nor recollects his Vows;
With wild Inconstancy for all he burns,
And ev'ry Nymph subdues his Heart by
turns.

At

At length a Maid, superior to the rest,
 Array'd in Smiles, in Virgin Beauty drest,
 Receiv'd his Passion, and return'd his Love
 And softly woo'd him to the silent Grove.

Enclos'd in deepest Shades of full-
 grown Wood,
 Within the Grove a spacious Grotto stood,
 Where forty Youths, in Marble, seem'd to
 mourn,

Each Youth reclining on a fun'ral Urn:
 Thither the Nymph directs the Monarch's
 Way,

He treads her Footsteps, joyful to obey.
 There, fir'd with Passion, clasp'd her to his
 Breast,

And thus the Transport of his Soul confess'd.

Delightful Beauty, deck'd with ev'ry
 Charm

High Fancy paints! or glowing Love can
 form!

I sigh, I gaze, I tremble, I adore!

Such lovely Looks ne'er blest my Sight
 before!

Here, under covert of th' imbow'ring
Shade,

For Love's Delights and tender Transports
made,

No busy Eye our Raptures to detect,

No envious Tongue to censure or direct ;

Here yield to Love, and tenderly employ
The silent Season in extatic Joy.

With Arms enclos'd, his Treasure to
retain,

He sigh'd and woo'd, but woo'd and sigh'd
in vain :

She rush'd indignant from his fond Embrace,
While Rage with Blushes paints her Virgin
Face ;

Yet still he sues with suppliant Hands and
Eyes,

While she to Magic Charms for Vengeance
flies.

A limpid Fountain murmur'd thro' the
Cave ;

She fill'd her Palm with the translucent
Wave,

And

And sprinkling cry'd, Receive false Man,
in Time,

The just Reward of thy detested Crime.

Thy changeful Sex in Perfidy delight,

Despise Perfection, and fair Virtue slight;

False, fickle, base, tyrannic, and unkind,

Whose Hearts, nor Vows can chain, nor

Honour bind :

Mad to possess, by Passion blindly led ;

And then as mad to stain the nuptial Bed :

Whose roving Souls no Excellence, no

Age,

No Form, no Rank, no Beauty, can en-
gage ;

Slaves to the Bad, to the Deserving worst,

Sick of your twentieth Love, as of your
first.

The Statues, which this hallow'd Grot
adorn,

Like thee were Lovers, and like thee for-
sworn ;

Whose faithless Hearts no Kindness could
secure,

Nor for a Day preserve their Passion pure ;

Whom neither Love, nor Beauty could
restrain,

Nor Fear of endless Infamy and Pain.

In me behold thy Queen; for know with
Ease

We Deities assume each Form we please;

Nor can the feeble Ken of mortal Eyes

Perceive the Goddess thro' the dark Dis-
guise.

Now feel the Force of Heav'n's avenging
Hand,

And here inanimate for ever stand.

She spoke—Amaz'd the list'ning Mo-
narch stood,

And icy Horror froze his ebbing Blood;

Thick Shades of Death upon his Eyelids
creep,

And clos'd them fast in everlasting Sleep;

No Sense of Life, no Motions he retains,

But fix'd, a dreadful Monument remains;

A STATUE now, and, if reviv'd once more,

Would prove, no doubt, as perjurd as
before.

I doubt not but the World will expect to hear from me some of the Dean's Amours, as he has not quite escaped Censure, on account of his Gallantries; but here I am not able to oblige my Reader, he being too far advanced in Years, when I first had the Honour of being known to him, for Amusements of that kind. I make no doubt but he has often been the Object of Love, and his *Cadenus* and *Vanessa* seem to assure us that he was the Favourite of one Lady; but to speak my Sentiments, I really believe it was a Passion he was wholly unacquainted with, and which he would have thought it beneath the Dignity of his Wisdom to entertain. Not that I ever imagined he was an Enemy to the Fair; for when he found them docile, he took great Pleasure to instruct them: And if I have any Merit, as a Writer, I must gratefully acknowledge it due to the pains he took to teach me to think and speak with Propriety; tho', to tell the Truth, he was a very rough sort of a Tutor for one of my Years and Sex; for whenever

I made use of an inelegant Phrase, I was sure of a deadly Pinch, and frequently received Chastisement before I knew my Crime. However, I am convinced, had he thought me incorrigibly dull, I should have escaped without Correction; and the black and blue Flowers I received at his Hands, were meant for Merit, tho' bestowed on me. Yet tho' (to my Shame I own it) I was fond of Admiration to a Fault, and a little too much upon the Coquette, for a married Woman, I would at any Time give up any Pleasure or Gaiety, for the more rational Entertainment of the Dean's Conversation.

Five Years rolled insensibly away in a Kind of tolerable Happiness, as Lady Townly terms it; but that it seems I was not much longer to enjoy: However, before I enter on the History of my Troubles, I shall endeavour to enliven my Narration with all the more amusing Incidents I can recollect.

The following Trifle, as it was productive of a handsome Letter to me from the Dean, and of more Honour than I could possibly

possibly expect from it, my Vanity will not let me omit. My Brother teized me one Evening to write some Verses as a School Exercise for him. I asked him what I should write upon. Why, said he pertly, what should you write upon but Paper? So taking it for my Subject, I wrote the following Lines :

O Spotless Paper, fair and white!
 On whom by Force, constrain'd I
 write,
 How cruel am I to destroy,
 Thy Purity, to please a Boy?
 Ungrateful I, thus to abuse
 The fairest Servant of the Muse.
 Dear Friend, to whom I oft impart,
 The choicest Secrets of my Heart;
 Ah, what Atonement can be made
 For spotless Innocence betray'd?
 How fair, how lovely didst thou shew,
 Like lilly'd Banks, or falling Snow!
 But now, alas, become my Prey,
 No Floods can wash thy Stains away.
 Yet this small Comfort I can give,
 That which destroy'd, shall make thee live.

As

As the Lines did not suit my Brother's Purpose, they lay carelessly on the Table, when a Lady of Distinction, who was going to *England*, came to take her leave of us: She would examine what I had been scribbling, and seemed so well pleased with my Rhymes, that she did them the Honour to put them in her Pocket-Book, and I never thought more of them.

About four Years after this, making a Visit to Baron *Wainwright's* Lady, she told me she had got a very pretty Poem from *London*, wrote by the Lord Chancellor *Talbot's* Daughter, a young Lady of but twelve Years of Age, and desired I would read them for the Entertainment of the Company; but how great was my Surprize, to find they were the above Lines! however, I went through my Task, and Mrs. *Wainright* asked my Opinion of them, and seemed impatient at my Silence. I told her, the young Lady must have wrote them at least four Years before, because I had seen them so long ago. Upon which the Baron said, that he also remembered them, and that he was told by the Person he saw them with,

that

Mrs. PILKINGTON TIT

that they were writ by a very young Girl, who was married to a Clergyman in *Ireland*. My smiling made them guess at the Person, and at the same Time excused me for being not over forward to praise them. When I returned home, I found a Letter from Mr. *Pilkington*, who was in *London*, with a News-Paper inclosed, wherein the above Poem was printed. I related this to the Dean, who ordered me to send the Lines to him. The next Morning a Lady came to visit me, who told me, it being the Dean's Birth-Day, he had received a Book very richly bound and clasped with Gold, from the Earl of *Orrery*, with a handsome Poem, wrote by himself to the Dean, in the first Page, the rest being blank; and that Dr. *Delany* had sent him a silver Standish, with a complimentary Poem. 'Why then, said I, as the Dean is furnished with Paper and Ink, it is the least I can do to send him a Pen;' so having a fine Eagle's Quill, I wrapt it into the following Lines, and sent it to the Dean, and also the Bit of a News Paper, wherein

wherein the Lines on PAPER were printed
in *London*.

Sent with a QUILL to Dr. SWIFT,
upon hearing he had received a BOOK
and a STANDISH.

SHALL then my Kindred all my
Glory claim,
And boldly rob me of eternal Fame?
To ev'ry Art my gen'rous Aid I lend,
To Music, Painting, Poetry, a Friend.
'Tis I celestial Harmony inspire,
* When fix'd to strike the sweetly warbling
Wire;
I to the faithful Canvas have consign'd,
Each bright Idea of the Painter's Mind;
Behold from *Raphael's* sky-dipt Pencils
rise,
Such heav'nly Scenes as charm the Gazer's
Eyes.
O let me now aspire to higher Praise!
Ambitious to transcribe your deathless
Lays;

Nor

 Quills of the Harpsichord.

Mrs. PILKINGTON. 113

Nor thou, immortal Bard, my Aid refuse,
Accept me as the Servant of your Muse;
Then shall the World my wondrous Worth
declare,
And all Mankind your matchless Pen revere.

On *New-Year's-Day* I received from the
Dean the following Letter.

Deanery-House, Jan, 1. 1733-4.

Madam,

‘ I Send you your Bit of a News-paper
‘ with the Verses, than which I never
‘ saw better in their Kind; I have the same
‘ Opinion of those you were pleased to write
‘ upon me, as have also some particular
‘ Friends of Genius and Taste, to whom I
‘ ventured to communicate them, who uni-
‘ versally agree with me. But as I cannot
‘ with Decency shew them, except to a very
‘ few, I hope, for both our Sakes, others
‘ will do it for me. I can only assure you
‘ I value your Present, as much as either
‘ of the others, only you must permit it to
‘ be turned into a Pen, which Office I wil
‘ perform

114 MEMOIRS of

‘ perform with my own Hand, and never
 ‘ permit any other to use it. I heartily
 ‘ wish you many happy New Years, and
 ‘ am, with true Esteem,

Madam,

Your most obliged

Friend and Servant,

J. SWIFT..

But as I have mentioned Mr. *Pilkington's* being in *London*, I ought also to inform my Reader what Inducement he had to quit his Family for a whole Year, which was as follows. Dr. *Swift* had, in Queen *Anne's* Reign, been the first Promoter of Alderman *Barber*, who, afterwards, by many lucky Accidents, rose to be Lord Mayor of *London*, which Station he filled with distinguished Abilities, and retained so grateful a Sense of the Dean's Favour to him, that he made him the Compliment of nominating a Chaplain to him; the Dean offered this Honour to Mr. *Pilkington*, who gladly accepted of it,

it, and came home in high Spirits to acquaint me with his Preferment; but whatever Joy it brought to him, I was quite sunk in Sorrow at the Thoughts of parting for so long a Time with one I so dearly loved. All his Friends were against his going; and the late Primate Dr. *Hoadley*, then Archbishop of *Dublin*, remonstrated to him, that serving under a Person, so remarkably disaffected as the Alderman, might very probably prejudice him in the Eyes of the Government; but all in vain. Mr. *Pilkington* was ever rash, obstinate, and self-will'd; and should I add treacherous, cruel, and ungrateful, I should not wrong the Truth; but however unwilling I am to speak harshly of the Husband of my Youth, and the Father of my Children, I must draw his Character, wherein I will

————— *Nothing extenuate,*
Nor set down aught in Malice. Othello.

That he is both a Scholar, and a Man of Genius, all who know him must allow; but, like Mr. *Pope*, he is so plagu'd with Envy,
that

that he even hated me because I could write, and took an invincible Aversion to Counsellor *Smith*, because he excelled him on the Harpsicord. It happened one Evening that this Gentleman sung and played to us the Oratorio of Queen *Esther*; unfortunately for me I was so charmed with it, that at the Conclusion of the Music I wrote the following Lines.

To JOHN SMITH, *Esq*;

MUSIC once more her ancient Pow'r displays,

Resistless now as in *Timotheus*' Days;

Our varied Passions change at thy Command

Our correspondent Hearts obey thy Hand.

Who can untouch'd attend the awful Sound?

When swelling Notes proclaim *Jehovah* crown'd.

Borne on the hallow'd Strains our Souls arise,

Till Heav'n seems present to our ravish'd Eyes.

When

When to its Source thy Soul shall wing
its Flight,
And with eternal Harmony unite,
Thy skilful Hand shall heav'nly Joys im-
prove,
And add new Rapture to the Bliss above.

As the Lines were wrote off-hand, as, to
say the Truth, every Thing of mine is, for
I am too volatile to revise or correct any
thing I write, Mr. *Smith* complimented
Mr. *Pilkington* on having a Wife who could
write better than himself: he supposing Mr.
Pilkington to be so much the Lover, that he
would be delighted with my Praise, and
join in it. But, lack-a-day! he little knew
what I was to suffer for the Superiority of
Genius he was pleased to ascribe to me. I
then was continually told, with a contemp-
tuous jibing Air, O my dear! a Lady of
your Accomplishments! why Mr. *Smith*
says you write better than I; and to be sure
he is a great Judge! But another unlucky
Accident likewise happened: How fatal to
me has Praise been! We supp'd at the
Dean's

Dean's, and I had been reading out, by his Command, some of his profaick Work; he was pleased to say I acquitted myself so well, that I should have a Glass of his best Wine, and sent Mr. *Pilkington* to the Cellar for it. The Dean in the mean Time said to me, ' I would have every Man write his own *English*.' ' To be sure, Sir, said I, that would be best.' ' Ay, to be sure, Sir; you give me an Answer, and P—x take you, I am sure you do not understand my Meaning.' ' Very possible, Sir; but I certainly understand my own, when I have any.' ' Well then, what do you understand by writing one's own *English*?' ' Why really, Sir, not to confine one's self to a Set of Phrases, as some of our antient *English* Historians, *Camden* in particular, seems to have done, but to make use of such Words as naturally occur on the Subject.' ' Hush! says he, your Husband is coming; I will put the same Question to him.' ' He did so; and Mr. *Pilkington* answered, ' To be sure a Man ought to write good *English*.' ' Nay, but his own *English*; I say his own;

' what

‘ what do you understand by that ?’ Why,
 ‘ Sir, said he, what should I understand ?’
 ‘ P—x on you for a Dunce, said he ; were
 ‘ your Wife and you to sit for a Fellow-
 ‘ ship, I would give her one, sooner than
 ‘ admit you a Sizar.’

And now my Business was compleatly
 done. Mr. *Pilkington* viewed me with
 scornful, yet with jealous Eyes. And tho’
 I never presumed to vye with him for Pre-
 eminence, well knowing he not only surpas-
 sed me in natural Talents, but also had the
 Advantage of having those Talents im-
 proved by Learning ; and was sensible the
 Compliments I received were rather paid
 to me as a Woman, in whom any thing
 a Degree above Ignorance appears surpriz-
 ing, than to any Merit I really possessed ;
 he thought proper to insult me every Mo-
 ment. Indeed he did not beat me, which
 some of the good-natured Ladies have
 brought as an Argument that he was an ex-
 cellent Husband ; but how any Man, espe-
 cially a Clergyman, could strike a Wife,
 who never contradicted him, and who was
 the most remarkably gentle, even of her
 own

own soft Sex, I know not : Besides, I had then a fond Father to protect me ; I am sure I may say with *Ophelia*,

My Violets all wither'd when he dy'd.

Then was I left defenceless to all the Injuries my Husband's subtle Cruelty could devise, against open unsuspecting Innocence.

Another trivial Accident also offended my Husband. He was one Winter's Evening reading *Horace*, and said he would engage to write an Ode exactly in his Manner ; so he directly set about it. The Fancy came into my Head to write one also, though I understood not a Word of *Latin*, and knew no more of the Poet than from the *English* Translations. My Lines were as follow :

An O D E.

I Envy not the Proud their Wealth,
 Their Equipage and State ;
 Give me but Innocence and Health,
 I ask not to be great.

In this sweet Retirement find
A Joy unknown to Kings,
For Scepters to a virtuous Mind,
Seem vain and empty Things.

Great *Cincinnatus* at his Plough,
With brighter Lustre shone,
Than guilty *Cæsar* e'er cou'd shew,
Tho' seated on a Throne.

Tumultuous Days, and restless Nights,
Ambition ever knows,
A Stranger to the calm Delights
Of Study and Repose.

Then free from Envy, Care, and Strife,
Keep me, ye Powers divine;
And pleas'd, when ye demand my Life,
May I that Life resign.

As I had finished my Task first, I shewed
it to Mr. P——n, who, contrary to my
Expectation, (for I imagined he would be
pleased) was very angry, and told me the
Dean had made me mad; that the Lines
were Nonsense, and that a Needle became

a Woman's Hand better than a Pen. So to bring him into Temper praised his Ode highly, and threw my own into the Fire. And here let me seriously advise every Lady, who has the Misfortune to be poetically turned, never to marry a Poet, but remember *Swift's* Lines :

*What Poet wou'd not grieve to see
His Friends cou'd write as well as he ;
And rather than be thus out-done,
He'd hang them every Mother's Son.*

*Her End when Emulation misses,
She turns to Envy, Stings and Hisses ;
The strongest Friendship yields to Pride,
Unless the Odds be on our Side.*

And if a Man cannot bear his Friend that should write, much less can he endure it in his Wife ; it seems to fet them too much upon a Level with their Lords and Masters ; and this I take to be the true Reason why even Men of Sense discountenance Learning in Women, and commonly chuse for Mates the most illiterate and stupid of the Sex ; and then

then bless their Stars, that their Wife is not a Wit.

But if a Remark be true, which I have somewhere read, that *a foolish Woman never brought forth a wise Son*, I think the Gentlemen should have some Regard to the Intellects of those they espouse.

But to return from this long tho' necessary Digression, and take things a little more in their Order. Mr. *Pilkington*, contrary to every body's Advice, who had any Regard for him, went for *England*. I was very desirous of going with him; but he told me plainly he did not want such an Incumbrance as a Wife, and that he did not intend to pass there for a married Man; and that in short he could not taste any Pleasure where I was. As this was a Secret I did not know before, I received it with Astonishment; for amidst all his *wayward Moods*, I ever imagined, till then, that he loved me, and that the many ill natured Speeches he made me, were rather the Effect of a bad Temper, than any settled Aversion he had taken against me; especially as I observed he treated every body with Con-

tempt, even Persons every Way superior to him (the Dean alone excepted, to whom he paid even a servile Complaisance.) And though he now fairly plucked off the Mask, and let me see my Mistake, I could hardly give him Credit; so unwilling are we to believe Truth, when it runs counter to our Wishes.

The next Day he went on board the Yacht, in Company with Mr. *Edward Walpole*, to whom he was recommended by a Man of Quality since dead, and left me and my three Children almost without an Adieu: So eagerly did he seek his own Destruction.

I am hardly able to describe the various Emotions with which my Heart was agitated on his Departure. Love, Grief, and Resentment for his last Speech, by Turns possessed it. However, I received a very kind Letter from him from *Chester*, which made me a little easy; and as my Friends seldom permitted me to be alone, I did not give much way to Melancholy.

I believe it will be expected, from the general Reflections I have thrown out against the Clergy, that I should descend to

Parti

Particulars, and expose the Guilty by Name; but this invidious Task I must decline: Besides, as *Angelo* says in *Measure for Measure*, when he is tempting a Virgin, and she threatens to expose him;

Who will believe thee, Isabel?

My unsoil'd Name, th' Austereness of my Life,

My Interest in the State, may vouch against you,

*That you shall stifle in your own Report,
And smell of Calumny.*

Besides, I should arm a formidable Body against me, who would not fail, sooner or later, to take ample Vengeance. *As unforgiving as a Churchman*, is become proverbial; so, as I am a Sort of a Priestess, I will, like a faithful Mother Confessor, keep the Secrets of my ghostly Brethren.

I have another Inducement to Silence, not I must own quite so good-natured, which is, that I have a malignant Pleasure in keeping those in Awe, who awe all the World beside, which I should lose the Mo-

ment I had done my worst. I remember a certain Gentleman, who happening to be guilty of a venial Transgression with a mean Women, it unluckily manifested itself: The Gentleman was young, and had a very severe Father, who gave him but a scanty Allowance, all of which did not satisfy the mercenary Wretch of a Woman, who hoping to gain more, went and told her Story to his Father; the Consequence of which was, that she never afterwards had a Shilling from either.

*The dullest Genius cannot fail,
To take the Moral of the Tale.*

*So let the stricken Deer go weep,
The Hart ungall'd go play.*

The Innocent cannot take Offence, and for the Guilty, I will for the present, with the charitable Ghost in *Hamlet*,

*Leave them to Heav'n,
And to the Thorn that in their Bosoms lodge,
To prick and goad them there.*

But

But once more to gather up my Clue.
I received so passionately tender a Letter
from *London* from Mr. P——n, that I
quite forgot all his Unkindness; and sit-
ting down to answer it, without the least
Intention of Rhyming, the following Lines
flowed from my Pen:

These Lines, dear Partner of my Life,
Come from a tender faithful Wife;
Happy, when you her Thoughts approve,
Supremely happy in your Love:
O may the blisful Flame endure!
Uninjur'd, lasting, bright, and pure.
Thus far in Verse, but can the Muse
Descend so low, as telling News?
Or can I easily in Rhyme
Inform you how I pass my time?

To sooth my Woe, and banish Care,
I to the Theatre repair,
Where, charm'd with *Shakespear's* lofty
Scenes,
And pure inimitable Strains,

My Rapture rais'd so high appears,
It seeks to hide itself in Tears.

On *Tuesday* last all Day I stray'd
In *Delvile's* sweet inspiring Shade;
There all was easy, gay, polite,
The Weather and the Guests were bright:
My lov'd *Constantia* there appear'd,
And *Southern* long for Wit rever'd,
Who like the hoary *Pylian* Sage,
Excels in Wisdom, as in Age.
'Tis thus your Absence I beguile,
And try to make Misfortune smile;
But never can my constant Mind
A real Pleasure hope or find,
'Till Heav'n indulgently once more
My *Colin* to my Eyes restore.

P. S.

Permit me here, e'er I conclude,
To pay a Debt of Gratitude,
To *Worsdale*, your ingenious Friend,
My Praises and my Thanks commend;

Yet

Yet all are far beneath his Due,
Who sends me * what resembles you.

The Dean had given Mr. P——n Letters of Recommendation to several eminent Persons in *England*, and, amongst the rest, one to Mr. *Pope*; who, no sooner received it, but he invited Mr. *Pilkington* to pass a Fortnight with him at *Twickenham*, he not being yet entered on his Office of Chaplain. I received from him from thence a Letter filled with Mr. *Pope's* Praises, and the extraordinary Regard he shewed him, introducing him to several Noblemen, and even oppressing him with Civilities, which he modestly attributed to Mr. *Pope's* Respect for the Dean, and handsomely acknowledged the Obligation. As I thought this a very proper Letter to communicate, I went directly with it to the Deanery. The Dean read it over with a fix'd Attention, and returning it to me, he told me, he had, by the same Pacquet, received a Letter from Mr. *Pope*, which, with somewhat of a stern Brow, he put into my Hand, and walked

out into the Garden. I was so startled at his Austerity, that I was for some Minutes unable to open it, and when I did, the Contents greatly astonished me. The Substance of it was, that he had, in pure Complaisance to the Dean, entertained Mr. *Pilkington*; but that he was surpris'd he should be so mistaken, to recommend him as a modest ingenious Man, who was a most forward, shallow, conceited Fellow: That in the Hope of having an agreeable Companion, he invited him to pass a Fortnight with him, which he heartily repented, being sick of his Impertinence before the End of the third Day; and a great deal more, much to the same Purpose. By the time I had read it thro', the Dean returned, and asked me, what I thought of it; I told him, I was sure Mr. *Pilkington* did not deserve the Character Mr. *Pope* had given of him; and that he was highly ungenerous to caress and abuse him at the same time. Upon this the Dean lost all Patience, and flew into such a Rage, that he quite terrified me; he asked me, Why I did not swear that my Husband was six Foot high? And, Did I

think myself a better Judge than Mr. *Pope*? or, Did I presume to give him the Lye? and a thousand other Extravagancies. As I durst not venture to speak a Word more, my Heart swelled so that I burst into Tears, which, he attributing to Pride and Resentment, made him, if possible, ten times more angry, and I am not sure he would not have beat me; but that, fortunately for me, a Gentleman came to visit him. As I was in a violent Passion of Tears, the Dean did not bring him into the Room where I was, but went to receive him in another, and I gladly laid hold of that opportunity of making my escape from his Wrath.

The next Morning early I wrote him a Letter, expressive of the Anxiety I was under, lest I had any way offended him: and assured him, which was Truth, my Tears did not flow from Pride, but from the Apprehension I had, that Mr. *Pope* might influence him to withdraw his Favour from us. I added on my own Part, that even if I was partial to Mr. *P*——, I hoped it was the most pardonable Error a Wife could be guilty of; and concluded with begging, if

he had any Regard for my Peace, he would honour me with an Answer. By the Return of the Messenger I received the following Lines:

Madam,

‘ **Y**OU must shake off the Leavings of
‘ your Sex. If you cannot keep a
‘ Secret, and take a Chiding, you will quick-
‘ ly be out of my Sphere. Corrigible Peo-
‘ ple are to be chid ; those who are other-
‘ wise, may be very safe from any Lectures
‘ of mine: I should rather chuse to indulge
‘ them in their Follies, than attempt to set
‘ them right. I desire you may not inform
‘ your Husband of what has passed, for a
‘ Reason I shall give you when I see you,
‘ which may be this Evening, if you will.
‘ I am very sincerely,

Your Friend,

J. SWIFT.

Accordingly

Accordingly I waited on the Dean about five o'Clock in the Evening, an Hour I knew he would be free from Company. He received me with great Kindness, and told me, he would write a Letter of Advice to Mr. P——n; ' But, said he, should ' you acquaint him with this Letter of ' Pope's, he might, perhaps, resent it to ' him, and make him an Enemy.' How kind! how considerate was this! The Dean then shewed me the Poem he wrote on his own Death. When I came to that Part of it,

Behold the fatal Day arrive!

How is the Dean? He's just alive,

I was so sensibly affected, that my Eyes filled with Tears: The Dean observing it, said, ' Phoo, I am not dead yet——but ' you shall not read any more now.' I then earnestly requested he would let me take it home with me, which he did on certain Conditions, which were, that I should neither shew it to any body, nor copy it, and that I should send it to him by

134 MEMOIRS of

by Eight o'Clock the next Morning; all which I punctually performed.

But the Dean did not know what sort of a Memory I had, when he intrusted me with his Verses: I had no occasion for any other Copy, than what I had registred in the *Book and Volume of my Brain*: I could repeat the whole Poem, and could not forbear delighting some particular Friends with a Rehearsal of it. This reached the Dean's Ear, who imagined I play'd him false, and sent for me to come to him. When I entered, he told me, I had broke my Word with him, and consequently forfeited all the good Opinion he had ever conceived of me. I looked, as I think he generally made me do, like a Fool; and asked what I had done? He told me, I had copied his Poem, and shewn it round the Town. I assured him, I had not. He said I lyed, and produced a Poem something like it, published in *London*, and told me, that from reading it about, that odd Burlesque on it had taken rise. He bade me read it aloud. I did so, and could not forbear laughing, as I plainly perceived, tho'

though he had endeavoured to disguise his Style, that the Dean had burlesqued himself; and made no manner of scruple to tell him so. He pretended to be very angry, asked me, did I ever know him write Triplets? and told me, I had neither Taste nor Judgment, and knew no more of Poetry than a Horse. I told him I would confess it, provided he would seriously give me his Word, he did not write that Poem. He said, P—x take me for a Dunce. I then assured him, I did not copy his Poem; but added, when I read any thing peculiarly charming, I never forget it; and that I could repeat not only all his Works, but all *Shakespear's*, which I put to this Trial; I desired him to open any Part of it, and read a Line, and I would engage to go on with the whole Speech; as we were in his Library, he directly made the Experiment: The Line he first gave me, he had purposely picked out for its singular Oddness:

But rancours in the Vessel of my Peace,

Macbeth.

I readily went on with the whole Speech, and did so several times, that he tried me with different Plays. The Dean then took down *Hudibras*, and ordered me to examine him in it, as he had done me in *Shakespear*; and, to my great Surprize, I found he remembered every Line, from Beginning to End of it. I say, it surprized me, because I had been misled by Mr. *Pope's* Remark, That,

*Where Beams of warm Imagination play,
The Memory's soft Figures melt away.*

Essay on Criticism.

To think Wit and Memory incompatible things. I told the Dean he had convinced me the old Proverb was false; and, indeed, I know not how any Person can be witty without a good Memory. When I returned home, I found I had not been mistaken in the Opinion I had conceived, that the Dean had burlesqued his own Poem. I had a Confirmation of it in a Letter from Mr. *Pilkington*, to whom he had sent it, to have it printed in *London*.

My Evening's Chat with the Dean furnished me with Matter of Speculation on that most amazing Faculty of the human Mind, Memory; which, according to my usual Custom, I threw it into Rhyme, and hope it will not be displeasing to my Reader.

MEMORY, a Poem.

IN what Recesses of the Brain,
Does this amazing Pow'r remain,
By which all Knowledge we attain?

What art thou, Memory? What Tongue
can tell,

What curious Artist trace thy hidden Cell,
Wherein ten thousand diff'rent Objects
dwell?

Surprising Store-house! in whose narrow
Womb,
All Things, the past, the present, and to
come,
Find ample Space, and large and mighty
Room,

O falsely deem'd the Foe of sacred Wit!
 Thou, who the Nurse and Guardian art of it,
 Laying it up till Season due and fit.

Then proud the wond'rous Treasure to produce,
 As Understanding points it, to conduce
 Either to Entertainment, or to Use.

Nor Love, nor holy Friendship, without
 thee,
 Could ever of the least Duration be ;
 Nor Gratitude, nor Truth, nor Piety.

Where thou art not, the chearless human
 Mind,
 Is one vast Void, all darksome, sad, and
 blind ;
 No trace of any thing remains behind.

The sacred Stores of Learning all are thine ;
 'Tis only thou record'st the faithful Line ;
 'Tis thou mak'st Human-kind almost di-
 vine.

And

And when at length we quit this mortal
 Scene,
 Thou still shalt with our tender Friends
 remain,
 And Time and Death shall strike at thee
 in vain.

Lord, let me so this wond'rous Gift em-
 ploy;
 It may a Fountain be of endless Joy,
 Which Time, or Accident, may ne'er
 destroy.

Still let my faithful Memory impart,
 And deep engrave it on my grateful Heart,
 How just, and good, and excellent thou art.

My Reader may now plainly perceive, I
 was most incorrigibly devoted to Versifying,
 and all my Spouse's wholesome Admoni-
 tions had no manner of Effect on me: In
 short, I believe this scribbling Itch is an In-
 curable Disease; for tho' *Horace* says*,
 taking some Physic in the Spring rid him
 of

* See his Art of Poetry.

of it, yet, as he even relates this in flowing Numbers, we have no Cause to give him Credit. He also declares, all Poets are visibly possessed, and mad. *Shakespear* seems to be of the same Opinion, though he describes it with greater Elegance than even *Horace* has done, at least in the Translation.

*The Poet's Eye, in a fine Frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from Heav'n to Earth, from
Earth to Heav'n;*

And as Imagination bodies forth

*The Forms of Things unknown, the Poet's
Pen*

*Turns them to Shapes, and gives to airy
Nothing*

A local Habitation and a Name.

The Truth of which he has fully verified, giving us in his divine Works a new Creation of his own, with a new Language also peculiar to the different Species and Orders of Beings he introduces to us. *Milton* had studied him with Care, and, like the Bee, committed many sweet Thefts on his immortal Blooms. Whoever reads the Part
of

of the Fairies in the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, may easily perceive how many beautiful Images *Milton* has borrowed thence to adorn his Masque of *Comus*. And really, I think, as *Shakespear* had plundered all Art and Nature, the visible and invisible World, it was but just to make Reprizals, and steal from his rich Store.

I hope my Reader will pardon me for so often running away from *myself*; I cannot say, I am *Egotist* enough to be much enamoured of such an unhappy Theme, and have often wished I could do it in reality; for I have been plunged in such Calamity, that I have even thought it impossible to be true, and vainly hoped to wake, as from some hideous Dream, to find a better Fate.

And, as one travelling in a barren Waste, could not be displeased to be sometimes led out of the direct Road to view a more agreeable Prospect, I deal thus with my Readers, and turn them from the gloomy Vale of my Life, to relieve them with something more pleasing.

To

To amuse myself, and indeed with no other View, I wrote, in my Husband's Absence, all the following Poems; which, if they should not happen also to amuse my Readers, they are at their own Liberty, and may turn them over.

*Advice to the People of Dublin in their Choice
of a RECORDER,*

IS there a Man, whose fix'd and steady
Soul

No Flatt'ry can seduce, no Fear controul;
Constant to Virtue, resolutely just,
True to his Friend, his Country, and his
Trust:

Like *Tully*, Guardian of the *Roman* State,
Is Patriot, Lawyer, Orator compleat;
If such there be, O! let your noble Zeal
Advance him to defend the Public Weal.

Painters and Poets are in this alike,
Mean Artists oft a strong Resemblance
strike;

And who can this unfinish'd Picture see,
But owns, O STANNARD! it was drawn
for thee.

VERSES

VERSES *wrote in a LIBRARY.*

SEAT for Contemplation fit,
 Sacred Nursery of Wit!
 Let me here enwrap'd in Pleasure,
 Taste the Sweets of learned Leisure:
 Vain, deceitful World, adieu;
 I more solid Bliss pursue.

Faithful Friends surround me here,
 Wise, delightful, and sincere;
 Friends, who never yet betray'd
 Those who trusted in their Aid;
 Friends, who ne'er were known to shun
 Those by adverse Fate undone.

Calm Philosophy and Truth,
 Crown'd with undecaying Youth,
 Glowing with celestial Charms,
 Fondly woo me to their Arms.
 Here immortal Bards dispense
 Polish'd Numbers, nervous Sense;
 While the just Historian's Page
 Back recalls the distant Age;
 In whose Paintings we behold
 All the wond'rous Men of old;

Heroes

MEMOIRS of
Heroes fill each finish'd Piece,
Once the Pride of *Rome* and *Greece*.

Nor shall *Greece* and *Rome* alone,
Boast the Virtues all their own ;
Thou, *Ierne*, too shalt claim
Sons amongst the Heirs of Fame ;
Patriots who undaunted stood,
To defend the public good ;
Foremost in the sacred Line,
Ever shall the DRAPER shine :
Next be virtuous STANNARD plac'd,
With unfading Honours grac'd ;
Godlike Men ! accept my Praise,
Guard and elevate, my Lays.

Learning can the Soul refine,
Raise from human to divine.
Come then, all ye sacred Dead,
Who for Virtue wrote or bled ;
On my Mind intensely beam,
Touch it with your hallow'd Flame.
And thou chaste and lovely Muse,
Who didst once thy Dwelling chuse
In *Orinda's* spotless Breast,
Condescend to be my Guest ;

Bring

Bring with thee the bloomy Pair,
 Young-ey'd Health, and Virtue fair;
 Here your purest Rays impart,
 So direct and guard my Heart,
 That it may a Temple be
 Worthy Heav'n, and worthy thee.

FLAVIA's *Birth-day*, May the 16th.

To Miss HOADLEY.

WHILST thy fond Friends their
 annual Tribute pay
 And hail thee Daughter of the fragrant
May;
 Whilst they behold, with Rapture and Sur-
 prize,
 New Charms enrich thy Soul, and point
 thine Eyes;
 Ah! let the Muse her secret Joy declare,
 Attend her Transports, and her Words re-
 vere:
 She looks on Time, and with prophetic
 Eyes,
 Sees him, for thee, strew Blessings as he
 flies;

H

And

Bring

And, whilst all other Beauties he impairs,
 Add new Perfection to thy ripen'd Years;
 Till ev'ry Year, improv'd with ev'ry
 Grace,
 You shine unrival'd both in Mind and Face.

So the same Sun, with unresisted Pow'r,
 Burns the wide Lawn, and animates the
 Flow'r;
 Bids it unfold its Beauties, and delight
 With Sweets the Sense, with sunny Dyes
 the Sight;
 Bids it, like you, each Hour new Grace
 assume,
 And smile, unmatch'd, in Loveliness and
 Bloom.

An Invitation to a Gentleman.

A Female, moderately fair,
 Pleas'd with your Spirit, Wit and Air,
 To me assigns the pleasing Task,
 Your Company to-night to ask:
 She has prepar'd a Feast refin'd,
 A sacred Banquet for the Mind;
 And you shall sup in solemn State,
 Whilst round the tuneful Sisters wait;
 Who,

Who, if you wish for Drink, shall bring
 You Water from *Pieria's* Spring;
 More elevating than Champaigne,
 And far more apt to heat the Brain.
Pindar, who wrote in antient Days
 Has celebrated Water's Praise:
 But if, with *Flaccus*, you encline.
 To like the Product of the Vine,
 And chuse a more substantial Feast,
 She'll do her best to hit your Taste.

S O L I T U D E.

THE Sun had sunk his glitt'ring Head
 In the fair Ocean's wat'ry Bed,
 And Ev'ning came, that sooth'd the Pain
 Of ev'ry toil-enduring Swain,
 When faint from Noon's excessive Heat,
 I sought a peaceful cool Retreat;
 A deep impenetrable Shade,
 Where not a Sun-beam ever stray'd.

O sacred Solitude, said I,
 To thy calm Bosom let me fly;
 O bless with thy seraphic Joys,
 A Soul averse to Pomp and Noise;

148 MEMOIRS of

Wisdom with Contemplation dwells,
In twilight Groves, and lonely Cells;
She flies the Proud, she shuns the Great,
Unknown to Grandeur, Wealth, and State.
Hail, Heav'n-born Virgin! deign to bless,
'This sacred, silent, sweet Recess;
Give me, celestial Maid, to know
The Joys that from thy Presence flow;
Do thou instruct my Voice to sing
That God, from whom thou first did'st
spring,

That God, at whose Almighty Call
From nothing rose this beauteous All.
Then when the Morning Stars proclaim,
The Glory of *Jehovah's* Name,
When Praises ev'ry Tongue employ,
And Men and Angels shout for Joy,
Assist me with thy Aid divine,
In those blest Hymns my Voice to join.

*To STREPHON, written for a Lady
to her Lover.*

BEHOLD the Spring in fresh Attire,
Gay blooming Season of Desire,
With fragrant Breath salutes the Grove,
Awaking Nature, Joy, and Love;

The

The Woods in verdant Beauty dress'd,
 Have her enliv'ning Pow'r confess'd :
 What means this Coldness in your Breast ?
 Not all the kindly Warmth in mine,
 Can thaw that frozen Heart of thine.
 Go then, Inconstant, go and rove,
 Forget thy Vows, neglect thy Love ;
 Some senseless, tasteless Girl pursue,
 Bought Smiles besit such Swains as you ;
 While for the worse I see you change,
 You give me a complete Revenge.

A S O N G.

STREPHON, your Breach of Faith
 and Trust

Affords me no Surprize ;
 A Man who grateful was, or just,
 Might make my Wonder rise.

That Heart to you so fondly ty'd,
 With Pleasure wore its Chain,
 But from your cold neglectful Pride,
 Found Liberty again.

For this no Wrath inflames my Mind,
 My Thanks are due to thee ;
 Such Thanks as gen'rous Victors find,
 Who set their Captives free.

To a very young Lady.

THY Genius, Beauty, Innocence command
 This humble Tribute from the Muse's
 Hand ;
 A faithful Muse, who hears with secret Joy,
 Thy early Virtues ev'ry Tongue employ.

O still thy Parents godlike Steps pursue,
 Still keep their mutual Excellence in View ;
 So shall the wond'ring World with Trans-
 port see
 All Virtue, all Perfection live in thee.

Queen MAB to POLLIO.

THE Queen of the Fairies this Sum-
 mons does send,
 To *Pollio*, her Counsellor, Cousin, and
 Friend ;

We

Mrs. PILKINGTON. 151

We order you here to attend us to-night,
We revel by Moon-light with Pomp and
Delight!

Our Grove we illuminate, glorious to see,
With glittering Glow-worms begemming
each Tree;

We'll drink up the Dew that impearls all
the Flow'rs,

And in circling Joys spend our circling
Hours.

If you fail in Attendance, by my Sceptre I
swear,

My Fairies shall bring you by Force thro'
the Air.

But however reluctantly I do it, I must
return.

The following Ode of *Horace* bearing
some Similitude to my then present Cir-
cumstances, I took the Liberty of para-
phrasing, and sent it to my Husband, not-
withstanding his former Lectures.

*The Seventh Ode of the Third Book of
HORACE paraphrased.*

Quid fles, Asterie?

ASTERIA, why will you consume
In Sighs and Tears your rosy Bloom?
No more your youthful Husband mourn,
He soon shall to your Arms return:
Propitious Winds shall waft him o'er,
Enrich'd from *Britain's* fruitful Shore;
In vain the Nymphs display their Charms,
To win him to their longing Arms:
Tho' strong Temptations court the Youth,
Doubt not his Constancy and Truth;
They fix'd as Rocks unmov'd remain,
While Winds and Waves assault in vain.

You only teach his Soul to know
The secret Pang, the tender Woe;
For you he feels a thousand Fears,
And oft bedews his Couch with Tears.

Ah! then in kind Return beware,
Lest tempting Words your Heart ensnare;
Avoid

Avoid the Dusk and silent Shade,
Nor heed the painful Serenade :
Let Prudence, that unerring Guide,
O'er ev'ry Thought and Act preside ;
So shall your Faith and Virtue prove
Worthy his matchless Truth and Love.

Mr. *Pilkington*, who loved me best at a Distance, wrote me a very kind Letter, wherein he told me my Verses were like myself, full of Elegance and Beauty ; that Mr. *Pope* and others, whom he had shewn them to, longed to see the Writer ; and that he heartily wished me in *London*. And this put the Fancy into my Head of going there ; and as some of my Acquaintance intended for it, with whom I thought I could agreeably travel, I soon resolved to accompany them.

Mr. *Pilkington* had been absent nine Months ; a tedious Time in a Lover's Reckoning. In three Months Time his Office expired ; for every new Lord Mayor of *London* has a new Chaplain ; so I thought I should have the Pleasure of passing the Winter in *London*, and then, if nothing bet-

ter offered, we should return home together. *London* has very attractive Charms for most People, as our *Irish* Nobility and Gentry sufficiently evidence, by spending the greatest Part of their Time and Fortunes there; and can it be wondered at, that a young lively Woman should be fond of taking the only Opportunity she might ever have of seeing such a Place? Well! but how to execute my Project was the Question; for I was apprehensive, if either my own Parents, or Mr. *Pilkington's*, were acquainted with it, they would prevent me; so I resolved to make but one Confidante, which was a very faithful Servant, who in the Evening put my Portmanteau aboard the Yacht. Next Morning the Wind being fair, I went, under Pretence of seeing my Friends safe aboard, down the River with them, and into the Ship as it were out of Curiosity; but being then out of Danger of Pursuit, I told them my Intention, which some approved of, and some blamed. However, as I did not question a kind Reception from my Husband, and knew my Children would be well taken care of by my

Parents,

Parents, I was very chearful and easy, and little regarded what was thought of my Frolick ; neither could I divine that any evil Construction would be put upon it.

We had a very safe Passage, and a pleasant Journey. I wrote to Mr. *Pilkington* from *Parkgate*, and he and Mr. *Worsdale* met me about four Miles Distance from *London*. So I took leave of my Fellow-Travellers for the present, and went into the Coach to them, which drove to Mr. *Worsdale's*. Mr. *Pilkington* received me very obligingly, and called me his little Fugitive, and Run-away ; but a Stranger would have thought Mr. *Worsdale* was my Husband, he welcomed me so kindly, and paid me so many Compliments. As I had been up at three o'Clock in the Morning, I was heartily fatigued, and desired Mr. *Pilkington* to take leave ; but he whispered me to invite Mr. *Worsdale* home to Supper with us, which accordingly I did ; and he was so transported with this Civility, he could not conceal his Joy ; whatever I commended amongst his Paintings, he would force me to accept of ; and putting as many Bottles

of Wine into the Coach-Box as it would conveniently hold, we went to Mr. *Pilking-ton's* Lodging, which I found very handsome and convenient. Wine and good Chear entertained us till Midnight, to our mutual Satisfactions.

When Mr. *Pilkington* and I were alone, he told me, that tho' he was very glad to see me, he was afraid I would have but a lonely Time of it in *London*, he being obliged to attend on the Lord Mayor, from Nine in the Morning till Six in the Evening, and from thence he always went to the Play, and afterwards to Supper with Mrs. *Heron*, one of the Actresses, of no very good Fame. Though I thought this but an odd Manner of Life for a Clergyman, I did not say so, being unwilling to offend him. I had heard it whispered, that he liked this Woman, but I resolved patiently to wait the Event.

The next Day, when he was going out, I put him in Mind that Mr. *Worsdale* said he would pass the Evening with us ; but he laughed at my believing it ; and said he was a Man so uncertain in his Temper, that per-
haps

haps I might never see him again while I lived. Just then a Lady who came over with me, called on us; and Mr. *Pilkington* and she had some private Chat. When she was gone, he told me, she had brought him a Letter and some Poetry from the Dean, which he had ordered him to dispose of, and put the Money in his own Pocket; as he could not stay to read them, he took them with him to the Lord Mayor's.

However, Mr. *Pilkington* was mistaken in imagining Mr. *Worsdale* would fail in his Appointment; he came, and told me Mr. *Pilkington* was at the Play, but would sup with us. He made use of his Absence to compliment me at an unmerciful Rate, and sung me all the tenderest Love Songs he could think of in the most pathetic Manner: In short, he exerted his Talents to entertain me, and behaved himself so much in the Stile of a Lover, that had I not been married, I should have imagined, he intended to address me. When Mr. *Pilkington* returned, he told him, he was certainly the happiest Man living, and wondered how he could be a Moment out of my

my Company, where he could stay for ever. Mr. *Pilkington* seemed much pleased with his Gallantry, and said, he hoped I would induce him to see us often. When we were alone, he told me, he believed his Friend was in love with me. I answered, if he thought so, I wondered he gave him so warm an Invitation. He said, he was a very generous Man, and that his liking to me, if well managed, might prove very profitable; for he valued no Expence where a Lady was in the Case. So, it seems, I was to be the Bait, wherewith he was to angle for Gold out of a Rival's Pocket: A Scheme which had a twofold Prospect of Gain annexed to it; for while a Lover has Hope, he seldom quits the Chace; and will even thank the Husband, for taking the friendly Freedom of using his Purse; and yet should the Gallant be detected in taking any friendly Freedoms with the Wife in return, the Law is all against him, Damages and Imprisonment must ensue: Which Considerations may serve as a Warning to all Men not to invade Properties, or commit wilful Trespas on their Neighbour's Ground.

If my Readers are by this Time the least acquainted with my Spirit, they may judge, I looked on this Project with the Contempt it deserved; however I promised Complaisance, which indeed Mr. *Worsdale's* seeming Merits might well deserve. The next Day I was invited to the Lord Mayor's, who, on account of the resolute Opposition he had given to the Excise Act, was the Darling of the People. He was but indifferent as to his Person, or rather homely than otherwise; but he had an excellent Understanding, and the Liveliness of his Genius shone in his Eyes, which were very black and sparkling. He always treated me with great Complaisance, and gave me a general Invitation to his Table. As the Lord Mayor was a Batchelor, he had a Gentlewoman who managed his Household Affairs, and who, except on public Days, did the Honours of his Table. Mr. *Pilkington* told me she was violently in love with him, and was ready to run mad upon hearing I was come to *London*. How true this might be I know not; but as she was very civil to me, and was old enough to be

be my Mother, I was not the least disturb-
ed with Jealousy on her own Account;
though I can't help saying, she gave me a
great deal of Uneasiness, by relating to me
many Instances of my Husband's extraor-
dinary Regard for the Player afore-men-
tioned: We went together to the Play on
purpose to see her; and to do her Justice,
she was a graceful, fine Woman; at least
she appeared such on the Stage, and had a
peculiar Skill in dressing to Advantage.
Mr. Pilkington and *Mr. Worsdale* were
at the Play; they met us going out, and
Mr. Pilkington committed me to the Care
of his Friend, who had a Coach waiting to
convey me home; but *Mr. Pilkington* went
to his old Rendezvous to the Actress, to
my very great Mortification; because I real-
ly preferred his Conversation to any other
in the World: However, he was so com-
plaisant, he used every Evening to send
Mr. Worsdale to keep me Company, while
he pursued his Pleasures; and, as I shall an-
swer it to Heaven, he did every thing in
his Power to forward and encourage an
Amour between his Friend and me.

One Instance, out of an hundred I could produce, I submit to the impartial Judgment of my Reader. One of the young Ladies, at whose House I first saw Mr. *Pilkington*, happening to be in *London*, and but in low Circumstances, came to visit me; she insisted on my passing the next Evening with her, and just as I was going, Mr. *Worsdale* came in, and offered to accompany me, to which I gladly consented, hoping, as he was then a Man of Interest, he might recommend her to some good Family, as a Governess to Children, or a Lady's Woman, when he knew how well qualified she was for either Place. As her Spirit was far above her Ability, I was concerned to see what Expence she had put herself to for my Reception, having provided a very genteel Supper, to which she would oblige us to stay. While she was giving Orders for it, I informed Mr. *Worsdale* of her Distress, who immediately gave me a Guinea for her, but entreated I would give it to her as Present from myself, which, as I knew it was the only Method to make her accept of it, I did.

When

When I came home, I related to Mr. *Pilkington* Mr. *Worsdale's* obliging and generous Behaviour; but little was he pleased with the Recital: What could I think of him, when he told me, I did very ill to introduce a new Woman to him, Mr. *Worsdale*; and that he hoped I would lose him; and that henceforth he would bestow his Favours on her? A Speech more proper for the Mouth of one of those abandoned Wretches, who live by the Sale of the Innocent, than for a Husband, a Gentleman, and one who ought to be a Christian. But I believe he was of Opinion that

*Let the malicious World say what it please,
The fair Wife makes her Husband live at
ease.*

And, provided he sold me well, and put Money in his Purse, little regarded either my temporal or eternal Happiness.

Another Instance either of his extraordinary Confidence in my Fidelity to him, or rather Indifference about it, was, that

he

he obliged me to go alone with his Friend to *Windsor*, though, as it was Winter, there was no Possibility of going there and returning the same Day, it being twenty Miles distant from *London*; so that we had not only two Days, but a Night also, to pass together. Could any Husband be more obliging to his Rival, than to give him such an Opportunity to accomplish his Wishes? Had mine but concurred, I had then been undone; for truly the Gentleman tried every Argument to win me to them, but in vain. My Husband's Misconduct in exposing me to such Temptation, stung me to the Quick; nay, I could not help believing they were both in a Plot to betray me to Ruin; and as we were at the top Inn in the Town, I started at every Noise of Horsemen who stopped there; and concluded, though falsely I believe, that Mr. *Worsdale* had given Mr. *Pilkington* a Direction where to find us; and as this Imagination wholly possessed me, I little regarded either the Elegance of our Entertainment, or the Tendernefs and Passion the Gentleman expressed in every Word and

and Look : His soft Endearments were all lost on one who regarded him as an Enemy. I was obstinately sullen, and pretended Weariness, on purpose to quit his Company ; but I lost all Patience, when calling to the Maid to shew me to my Chamber, I found there was but one, nay, and but one Bed too, provided for two Guests ; for, it seems, my Gentleman had so ordered it, hoping, no doubt, to supply my Husband's Place.

I was now in a manner convinced there was Treachery intended against me, and reproached my desiring Swain in such bitter Terms, thar he had no Way to prove his Innocence, but by retiring, tho' very reluctantly, to another Apartment ; and I took special Care to barricade my own, not only double-locking it, but also placing all the Chairs and Tables against the Door, to prevent a Possibility of being surprized.

I rose very early next Morning, to take a Survey of what Curiosities *Windsor* afforded, as it was too late the Night before to see any thing ; but found nothing worth observation, except the Castle, whose eminent Situation, and *Gothick* Grandeur, might

very

very well, some Ages ago, make it esteemed a *Non-pareil*: But as it has frequently been described and celebrated, I shall only say, that considering it as the Palace of the *Edwards* and *Henrys*, I was touched with something like a religious Veneration for it, which no modern Building could inspire me with.

Mr. *Worsdale* attended me with great Respect, and excepting that he tenderly reproached me with what he called my Cruelty the Night before, gave me no farther Cause of Displeasure, but brought me safely home in his Chaise to Mr. *Pilkington*.

But pray, gentle Reader, suppose it had happened otherwise; that Night Solitude, an agreeable and importunate Lover, should have prevailed on human, yielding Frailty, whom could my Husband so properly have blamed for it as himself? He who best knew our Frames, bids us avoid Temptation, as the surest Method, nay, and perhaps the only one of avoiding Sin; for who so firm that may not be seduced? Why then should Mr. *Pilkington* drive me
into

into the Toils, unless he meant to have me made a Prey of?

I fairly confess this Action greatly sunk him in my Esteem; nay, it even did the same in Mr. *Worsdale's*, especially as he reaped no Satisfaction by it. I could scarcely after regard Mr. *Pilkington* as a Husband; but rather as a Man whose Property I was, and who would gladly dispose of me to the best Bidder. Shocking Thought!

And yet this Scheme was so artfully managed, as indeed all his against me have ever been, that I could not well reproach him for it; for he would have alledged, it was a Party of Pleasure, intended by him for my Health and Recreation; and to have mentioned Mr. *Worsdale's* Attempt, why, to say the Truth, I looked upon it, as a Thing which any Man in the same Circumstances might naturally be guilty of, even tho' he had no previous Liking to, or Thought of the Woman. So, as there was no Harm done, I judged it most prudent to be silent. Besides, no Faults are so easily pardoned by our Sex, as those we believe to be occasioned by our own Charms,

the eager Lover's constant Excuse, and which our Vanity is but too apt to admit as a reasonable one.

Of all Things in Nature, I most wonder why Men should be severe in their Censures on our Sex, for a Failure in Point of Chastity: Is it not monstrous that our Seducers should be our Accusers? Will they not employ Fraud, nay, often Force, to gain us? What various Arts, what Stratagems, what Wiles will they use for our Destruction? but that once accomplished, every opprobrious Term with which our Language so plentifully abounds, shall be bestowed on us, even by the very Villains who have wronged us.

*O Heav'n that such Companions thoud'st
unfold!*

*And put a Whip in ev'ry honest Hand,
To lash such Rascals, naked thro' the
World,*

Even from the East to the West.—

I am sure the whole Female Sex will join with me in a hearty *Amen.*

Mr.

Mr. *Pilkington's* Year of Chaplainship being near expired, I hoped that he would return to *Ireland*; but he had entertained a Belief that Mr. *Walpole* would provide for him, and therefore determined to stay in *London*, so I was forced to return single; for as Mr. *Pilkington's* Income ceased with his Office, he chose to accept of an Offer from Mr. *Worsdale* to lodge in his House. For several Reasons I thought it most proper to revisit my native Country; the first, and chief, was the Affection I bore to my dear little ones; the next, to avoid both the Temptation and Scandal I must have suffered, by going into the House of a Person, who, with regard to Women, had an avowedly dissolute Character.

But however cautiously and prudently acted in this Affair, it was not my good Fortune to escape Calumny; so far from it, that I was both traduced for going to *London*, and for returning from it; and the Wife of a certain B——, who invited me to dine with her a Day or two after my Return to *Dublin*, when we retired to our Tea, abused me in Language I should have

scorne

scorned, in respect to my own Gentility, to have given to the meanest Servant I was ever Mistress of: And because my Husband had made me a Present of a few little Trinkets, all which in the Expence amounted but to a Trifle, told me she was sure some Gallant had given them to me: But, as I have since been informed, she was ragingly jealous of me, although without any Reason, I can the more readily pardon her inhuman Treatment of me.

But as I did not chuse to bear Reproaches I did not deserve, I sent for a Chair, and, bursting into Tears, left the Room. In the Hall I met the B——, who was coming to drink Tea with the Ladies: He was surprized to see me so disordered, and tenderly laying hold of me, enquired the Cause. I desired he would ask his Lady, who had invited me, to use me ill: Which he said, he hoped she would not do, even in Regard to my Condition (being then pregnant). But, Heaven knows! had he but considered how cruel all barren Creatures naturally are, insomuch that I have seen a barren Ewe

I

attempt

attempt to kill a young Lamb ; he would rationally have judged what might have, even in Law, been my Protection, was the very Cause of her Hatred and Displeasure to me.

However, as this Lady was the first to attack my Character, I can do no less than return her these my public and grateful Acknowledgments ; for though perhaps half the World cannot tell whom I mean ; yet as it is more than probable the Person concerned may read over these Memoirs, she at least will know her own Portrait.

'Tis really a sad Misfortune, that the honest Liberty of the Press is so suppressed in *Ireland*: But, however, I promise all my Subscribers to oblige them with a Key to whatever Secrets I have been obliged to lock up ; and many I have been obliged to strike out of my Work, otherwise I could never have had a single Line printed.

Vice in Power will command at least an outward Homage ; and helpless Poverty dare not either oppose or expose it.

A few Days after my Return to *Ireland*, Sir *Daniel Molineux* said, in *French*, to my

Brother,

Brother, in St. *Anne's* Church, that he was surprized to see me look so chearful, considering my Husband was in the *Bastile*. My Brother told it to me ; but for my Life I could not guess what the Gentleman meant.

But too soon I was informed by the News-Papers, that Mr. *Pilkington*, Mr. *Motte*, and Mr. *Gilliver*, were all taken up on account of some treasonable Poetry, which Mr. *Pilkington* had given to the two latter to print ; I then recollected the Papers afore-mentioned, delivered to him by one of my Female Fellow-Travellers.

Who was the Informer I know not, both Parties having violently accused each other ; but in my Soul I believe Mr. *Pilkington* was innocent, and I am sure I have no Reason to be partial to him. But certain it is, his Character suffered so much that it almost broke my Heart, as it deprived me of any Hopes even of his having Bread for his Family. The Notion of his having betrayed Dr. *Swift* incensed the whole Kingdom of *Ireland* against him ; and as I did not for many Weeks receive a Letter from him, I knew not how to justify him ;

and when called upon by the late Primate (Dr. *Hoadly*) to give him an Account of the Affair, I could only answer him with Tears, which, as both he and his Lady were exceedingly humane, pleaded his Cause as powerfully as the most moving Eloquence could have done; his Grace bade me be comforted, and write to my Husband, to come over and mind his Duty, and he would still be a Friend to him; and generously added, that as many Persons busied themselves in bringing Stories to him to Mr. *Pilkington's* Disadvantage, I should be welcome to his Table every Day, which would discountenance those who endeavoured to prejudice him, when they saw it did not make him or his Lady withdraw their Regard from me.

His Grace's Goodness affected me so much, that my Tears of Sorrow were converted to those of Gratitude; nor could I forbear falling on my Knees to pay my Acknowledgements to him and his good Lady, for the Relief their Kindness had given to a Heart overcome with Anguish.

Mrs. PILKINGTON. 173

At length I received a Letter from Mr. *Pilkington*, which he was obliged to inclose to a Gentleman for me, otherwise it would have been carried to the Castle, and there examined: so great Notice was taken of these Poems. He wrote me word he had been ill of the Rheumatism, and in great Trouble; that he would directly return to *Ireland*, but that he had not Money to bear his Expences. I made an Application to my Father for him, who bade me let the Fellow go to the *West-Indies*, and he would take care of me and the Children. But, unfortunately for me, I had too much Good-nature to take this wholesome Advice; so far from it, that I never ceased importuning him, but followed him from Morning till Night, like *Niobe* all Tears, till he gave me a Bill of twenty Pounds to send to him, with which he came over to *Ireland*; but so pale and dejected, that he looked like the Ghost of his former self; and the Disregard he met with from every body went very near his Heart. Every Day there was a new Abuse published on him; my Father battled for

I 3 him,

him, and I did every thing in my power to chear and comfort his Spirits. Compassion wrought now the same Effects on me, as Love had done heretofore; and as he frequently wept, I could not forbear mingling my Tears with his; and, by way of Consolation, wrote to him the following Lines.

NO more, lov'd Partner of my Soul,
At Disappointments grieve,
Can flowing Tears our Fate control,
Or Sighs our Woes relieve?

Adversity is Virtue's School
To those who right discern;
Let us observe each painful Rule,
And each hard Lesson learn.

When wintry Clouds obscure the Sky,
And Heav'n and Earth deform,
If fix'd the strong Foundations lie,
The Castle braves the Storm.

Thus

Thus fix'd on Faith's unfailing Rock,
 Let us endure a while
 Misfortune's rude, impetuous Shock,
 And glory in our Toil.

Ill Fortune cannot always last,
 Or tho' it should remain,
 Yet we each painful Moment haste
 A better World to gain:

Where Calumny no more shall wound,
 Nor faithless Friends destroy,
 Where Innocence and Truth are crown'd
 With never-fading Joy.

I should not have dwelt so long on every trivial Circumstance, had I not been strangely traduced about this Affair, which, as I shall answer it to God, I have related with the utmost Truth and Exactness. I never had any Breach with Mr. *Pilkington* till our final Separation; and I am sure if my Father had suspected me of any Dishonour, he would sooner have joined with my Husband to prosecute me, than have

given him a single Shilling to make up Matters between us.

Neither can I really imagine what I had done to merit all the cruel and scandalous Aspersions thrown on me, especially by the Ladies: It would be infinite Vanity to suppose Envy had any Share in their gentle Breasts; or that the Praises I received from the other Sex, on Account of my Writings, awaked their Displeasure against me: For though

*They had no Title to aspire;
Yet, when I sunk, they rose the high'r.*

But what I think most surprizing, is, that Women, who have suffered in their own Reputations, are generally most cruel in their Censures on others. I could mention a Lady, who was so fond of a certain Colonel, that when he died, she was almost mad, though he was a married Man; and yet she was heedful of the main Chance, in prevailing on him to leave her his Estate, from his Wife, whose Brother's Estate she had before secured to herself,

Mrs. PILKINGTON. 177

herself, he being married to her. I remember this Lady the whole Town-talk of *Dublin*, and yet, by having a large ill-got Fortune, she procured a second Husband, commenced Prude, though not till Youth and Beauty were fled, and is, if she yet lives, one of the bitterest Enemies to any Woman who has ever committed even an Act of Indiscretion, that can be found in the World, as I found, many Years ago by woful Experience.

*So Flavia, full of inward Guilt,
Calls Florimel an arrant Filt.*

But enough of this. When Mr. *Pilkington* was once more settled in his Cure, I being very much inclined to a Decay, my Father said, nothing would more effectually restore my Health than the Country; so having often been invited to his Brother's at *Cork*, I resolved on going there for a few Months, where I was very kindly received. We took the Diversions of the Season at *Mallow*, where nothing remarkable happened to me, except that one

Gentleman there, took it into his Head to do, what they there call black-guard me incessantly. It was the reigning Humour of the Place, amongst the young Folks, to call Names, sell Bargains, and sometimes talk indecently, all of which I abhorred, and therefore this Gentleman singled me out as a Mark for this Sort of Wit; and the more he found it vexed me, the more he persisted in it. At last, I very seriously demanded of him, what I had done to provoke him to teize me in the manner he did? He said, he heard I was a Wit; and wished I would write a Satire on him. So to oblige him, I sent him the following Lines, which obtained me a Truce from his anti-sublime Conceits.

The M I R R O R.

STREPHON, since my Skill you task,
And so oft your Picture ask;
Lest my Colours prove too faint,
Such a various Mind to paint,
I, who ne'er descend to flatter,
And abhor to deal in Satire,

Have

Have at length contriv'd a Way.
Your Resemblance to display.
I have brought Truth's polish'd Mirror,
Which shall shew you ev'ry Error;
And, as faithful Glasses do,
Shall reflect your Graces too.

Barren Minds, like barren Soils,
Mock the Cultivator's Toils;
Tho' he sows the choicest Seeds,
The Produce is Chaff and Weeds;
Thine, with wild luxuriant Growth,
Yields us Corn and Thistles both.
Ev'ry Virtue to it's Side
Has a Neighbour Vice ally'd;
These, tho' sprung from diff'rent Roots,
So immix and blend their Shoots,
That we know not what to call
Products so equivocal.

All who know you, would admire
Your true Courage, Sense, and Fire:
Did not oft the Rude and Rash,
With these nobler Talents clash.

Bounteous Nature fram'd your Mind
 Fit for Sense and Taste refin'd :
 You her choicest Gifts refuse,
 And the meanest Manner chuse ;
 If from thence you Merit claim,
 Ev'ry Shoe-boy has the same.

How can you to Fame ascend,
 If your Course you downward bend ;
 You, indeed, may hope in Time,
 To atchieve the low Sublime :
 And suppose the Bottom gain'd,
 What but Filth could be obtain'd ?

If my Freedom here offend you,
 Think it kindly meant to mend you.
 In your Mind are Seeds of Worth,
 Call their latent Virtues forth :
 Nor need you far from Wisdom roam,
 Your best Examples are at home*.

And here, gentle Reader, I must bid
 you take leave of the Hope of any farther
 chearful Amusement ; here commences the
 mourn-

* His Father Colonel *Murray*, and his second
 Wife Lady *Blaney*.

Mrs. PILKINGTON 181

mournfullest Tale which ever yet was either told or read.

The Winter's Return brought me to *Dublin*. My Husband met me about a Mile from Town, and took me and my Aunt *Van Lewen's* Sister, who came to Town with me, out of the Stage-Coach into a Hackney one. He entertained me with an Account of a violent Quarrel he had with my Father ; and said, he hoped, if I had any Regard for him, I would never go within his Doors. This was a strange Command, and as strange did it appear to me, that he should quarrel with the best natured Gentleman in the World ; his Father in Effect, as he treated him as his Son ! I told him, I hoped he would excuse my once disobeying him ; for I owed, if possible, a superior Duty to my Father, than a Husband could claim. Mr. *Pilkington* was very angry. This was on *Thursday* Night : The next Morning, at all Hazards, I waited on my Father, who received me with a Coldness which struck me to the Heart. I asked him, if I had any way offended him ? He said,
Mr.

Mr. *Pilkington* had used him so ill, he did not desire to see his Wife. ‘ Dear Sir, ‘ (said I) am I not your Daughter?’ ‘ Yes, ‘ (said he) and had you taken my Advice ‘ in letting the Villain go to the *West-Indies*, I should have regarded you as ‘ such; but make much of him; and ‘ remember, the Hour will come, when ‘ you will wish you had followed your ‘ Father’s Counsel.’ My Aunt’s Sister was with me, to whom he never once spoke, but walked to and fro in a sort of a distracted Manner, and looked so ill, that, imagining my Presence disturbed him, I asked him where my Mother was? He said, she was gone to take the Air; and that he had Company to dine with him, so that he could not ask me to stay. I took the Hint, and departed from him, in such inconceivable Sorrow, as I never in my Life experienced before, because I really loved him more than any thing in the World.

I passed the Remainder of the Day in Tears, for my Husband never come home till Twelve o’Clock at Night; so that I had

Mrs. PILKINGTON. 183

had full Liberty to indulge my Sorrow. I sent my Compliments on *Friday* and *Saturday* Morning to my Parents; they answered, they were very well; but they neither asked me to come to them, nor came to me.

On *Sunday* I was invited to Dinner to Mr. *Dubourg's*. I found myself so ill, that I could not go to Church; however, about Two o'Clock, I went to dine with my Friends, who looked on me with as much Surprize as if they had seen an Apparition. They had no sooner seated me, but they both went out of the Room, and held a long Consultation at the Door; Little did I think how deeply I was concerned in it. At length Mrs. *Dubourg* came in: I tenderly reproached her with her Coldness to me: She said, she was not well; and asked me, had I heard from *Molesworth-street* that Day? I told her, I had not. She asked me, if Mr. *Pilkington* would come to Dinner? I told her, he was engaged to preach at *St. Peter's Church* in the Afternoon, and therefore went to Mrs. *Warren's*, where they dined early.

A

A little while after, Counsellor *Smith* came in; but they called him out, and held a long Conference with him. In short, every body behaved themselves so oddly to me, that I knew not what to make of it.

Just as Dinner was served up, Mr. *Pilkington* came in: ‘My Dear (said I) you are better than your Promise.’ ‘Why (says he) I am not come to dine, but to tell you your Father is stabb’d.’ Had he plunged a Dagger in my Heart, it could not have given me a deeper Wound.

It seems, this Accident, for such my Father declared it to be, happened at Nine o’Clock in the Morning; and so unkind were my Mother and Sister, they never sent me the least Notice of it. The Company I went to, had known of it some Hours before; and consequently were surprized to find me ignorant of what so nearly concerned me, and what, by that Time, all *Dublin* knew. None of them could find in their Hearts to tell me of it; and this was the Occasion of the many Consultations they held, which had appeared so strange to me. It would be tedious to my Readers, to relate every
Difficulty

Difficulty I had even to see my Father. In respect to the Ashes of my Mother, I do not chuse to tell how ill I was used upon this Occasion; but as I owe no sort of Respect or Ceremony to my Sister, (if I may call her one, who by no means deserves that Title) I must proceed. I rose from the Table, had a Chair called, and went to my Father's. Three of the Servants sat in the Hall, and my Sister, excessively dirty, walked to and fro in it. She would willingly have kept me out; but however, the Servant knowing me, opened the Door. The first Sounds which struck my Ear, upon my Entrance, were the deep and piercing Groans of my dear Father. When I attempted to go up Stairs to him, my Sister by Violence pulled me down; but the Agony I was in for my Father, and the Resentment I conceived at her gross Usage of me, supplied me with Strength to get up in despite of her. When I opened the Dining-room Door, the Floor was all besmeared with Blood; my Mother, in an arbitrary Voice, asked me, what Business I had there? I told her,

I had a Child's Right to pay my Duty to my Father. She said, if I spoke to him it would kill him. Upon which, for the first, and indeed the only Time that ever I gave her an impertinent Answer; I said, that if every Person about my Father had loved him with half my Tenderneſs, he would not have been reduced to the Condition I was then too ſure he was in. Upon this, I offered to go into the Bed-chamber, but was not only forcibly withſtood, but even beaten by my Mother, and again aſked, if I intended to kill my Father? I made her no Reply but ſat down, and aſſured her, that the firſt Perſon who opened that Door I would go in. In about three Minutes time Dr. *Cope*, Dr. *Helſbam*, Mr. *Nicholls*, and in all ſeven Phyſicians and three Surgeons (as my Father was univerſally eſteemed) came of their own Accord to viſit him; when I heard them on the Stairs, I took that Opportunity to open the Bed-chamber Door, in which neither my Mother nor my Siſter could well oppoſe me, as the Gentlemen were come into the Dining-Room, before they were apprized

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of my Intention ; but, Heavens! how shall I describe the Agony that seized me, when I beheld my dear Father pale as Death, and unable to utter any thing but Groans? those only who have loved a Father as well as I did mine, can judge of my Condition: I kneeled down by the Bedside: Weak as he was he kindly reached out his Hand to me: He asked me, if this was not an unhappy Accident. I begged he would not speak, because Mr. *Nicholls* had told me, his Lungs were wounded, and that every Word was detrimental to him ; but as I had not ever knowingly offended him, I begged he would give me leave to pay my Duty to him, and that he would signify it, by laying his Hand on my Head, which he not only did, but desired I would not leave him. But here my Father gave me an impossible Task ; for no sooner were the Gentlemen departed, but my Mother said she must speak with me ; and whether she was really mad, or counterfeited to be so, I know not ; but she insisted on my going to Bed with her, alledging that my Sister was younger and stronger than I, and

and better able to bear the Fatigue of sitting up. This seemed to carry the Appearance of Love and Tenderneſs; but Heaven knows it was far otherwiſe, as I afterwards found out; for the three following Days my Mother never permitted me to leave her; if I ever attempted it, ſhe tore her Hair, and ſcreamed like a Lunatick. The fourth Night I heard my Father ring a Bell, my Mother was aſleep, and as my Thoughts were ever on him, I ran down Stairs to him undreſt as I was. He ſeemed ſurprized to ſee me, having been told that I was in my own Houſe, and would not undertake the Trouble of attending him. I found him in a very cold Sweat; it ſuddenly came into my Head, that if I could change that into a hot one, it might, perhaps, relieve him. So after aſſuring him, that I had not quitted him, nor had ever been out of the Houſe, but was prevented by my Mother and Siſter from attending on him, he ſaid he was very dry, and asked me, what the Phyſicians had ordered for him to drink. As they all concluded he would not out-live that Night, they had ordered

nothing

nothing, but left him to take what he pleased, as, in spite of all Precautions to the contrary, I had overheard. Upon this, I resolved so far to turn Physician myself as to tell him, they ordered him to drink some Hock and Sack made warm. Weak as he was he could not forbear smiling, and saying, he never heard of such another Prescription, 'Ten Gentlemen meet to order me some Hock and Sack mixed!' said he; well, give it me: it must certainly be a Cure for a pleuretick Fever.' I did so; nay, I not only gave it to him that Time, but plied him with it every Time he called for Drink all Night, till it produced the Effect I desired, and threw him into a fine breathing Sweat, and a deep Sleep. It may now be demanded, where my Sister was all this Time? why, as she had not, if I may speak my Mind, half the Regard for my Father that I had, she was fast asleep in the Arm-Chair, nor could he wake her.

When the Physicians came in the Morning, they were agreeably surprized to find my Father's Fever quite gone, and his Eyes look

look very lively; he told them, their merry Prescription had done him great Service. I winked at them not to undeceive him; they understood me, and Dr. *Helsham* called me aside, under Pretence of giving me some Directions, but in reality, to enquire of me what I had administered. I told him, and he could not forbear smiling. He called the Gentlemen into the next Room to a Consultation, to which presently after I was summoned. As both Dr. *Helsham* and Dr. *Cope* were Men of Wit and Pleasantry, they rallied me agreeably on presuming to practise Physick, having never taken my Degrees; and assured me I should be called before the College of Physicians and be prosecuted as an Empyrick.

I rose up, and making a low Curtsy, told them, as the best Part of the College of Physicians were then present, they would I hoped, have Candour enough to permit me to make my own Defence; to which they all assented by a gracious Nod, and bade me proceed; I then, making another Reverence, told them, that as to my Right of practising Physick, I held it *extra j*

did

dice, and smiling said, I supposed they all understood *Latin* — but as their proper Business was to destroy Life, I hoped they would not take it amiss, if I for once, in a case which so nearly and deeply concerned me, had, to the utmost of my power, frustrated their Designs; neither had I presumed to interfere, till they themselves had assured me all Hope of my Father's Life was gone, and that he could not live till Morning. But, said I, making another Curtsy, I, with all respect to this honourable Board, humbly presume to believe,

*They had rather chuse that he should die,
Than their Prediction prove a Lye.*

Nothing except my Father's being so very weak, and so very near to us, could have prevented the Gentlemens laughing heartily at my fine Harangue. However, I was dismissed with Honour; and as my Father seemed now to want nothing but Restoratives, I was directed to make him some Tiper Broth, Hartshorn Jelly, Chocolate, and other nourishing Aliments.

From

From this Time we entertained Hopes of my Father's Recovery. In a few Days he was so strong as to be able to sit up from Morning till Night. The whole Town seemed to participate in our Joy ; and many who had never visited him before, came now to congratulate him and his Family on this happy Change. Whether it was owing to his having seen too much Company, or to his own Over-Neatness in insisting on having his Chamber cleaned, I know not ; but I received a Message from *Mr. Pilkington*, that he was taken very ill, and desired to see me. As I had flattered myself my Father was out of Danger, I obeyed the Commands of my Husband, and prevailed on *Mr. Nicholls* to visit him. He had got a Cold, and was a little feverish ; *Mr. Nicholls* thought proper to take a little Blood from him, and I staid with him that Night and Part of the ensuing Day. *Mr. Pilkington* being much relieved, gave me leave in the Evening to go to my Father's, where I found all Things in Confusion, and he so ill that there was now not the least Hope of his

Reco-

Mrs. PILKINGTON. 193

Recovery : He cough'd incessantly, was seized with what they call a galloping Consumption, and in a very few Days after expired, leaving me in inconceivable Sorrow. About an Hour before he departed, I left the Room, being unable to see his last Agonies, and went up to my Mother, who was as fast lock'd up in Sleep as guiltless Labour. Some time after I heard the Windows thrown up, by which I knew his mortal Cares were ended.

We had that Evening engaged a Nurse Keeper, but did not dare to let her into my Father's Presence, lest he should say, as he once did, on proposing such a thing, that we were tired of him ; but now her Assistance was absolutely necessary, tho' my Sister told me, she herself helped to wash and lay my Father out. I am sure I could have died sooner ; but some Persons have uncommon Courage, or rather, as *Swift* observes,

*Indifference clad in Wisdom's Guise,
All Fortitude of Mind supplies.*

K

About

About three o'Clock in the Morning, on New-Year's Day, my Sister came into the Room, and desired me to come and help her to take my Father up, that he wanted to rise. Tho' I was certain he was dead, as I had not taken off my Clothes, I went with her, and sent in the Maid to sit by my Mother. I asked my Sister on the Stairs, was my Father alive? she answered, No. So with a heavy Heart I went into the Dining-Room; but by no means could I summon up sufficient Spirits, to look upon the clay-cold Figure of him, who, under God, was the Author of my Being. My Heart flutter'd; my Tongue refused it's Office; neither had I the poor Relief of Tears—no Wonder, when *the very Spring and Fountain of my Life was stopt—the very Source of it stopt*, if the Streams thereon dependant were for a while froze up and dead.

While I was lost in melancholy-musing, my Sister was very industrious in making the Tea-Kettle boil. I do not say this by way of Reflection on her; for tho' I was less assiduous about it, my own Mouth was perfectly

perfectly parched with Thirst, and I was very glad of something to moisten it.

When the Tea was ready, unluckily we had no Sugar, nor was there any in the House, but what was in the Tea-Chest, the Key of which was in my Mother's Pocket under her Head. My Sister went up and waked her, telling her, my Father wanted a little burnt Wine. She readily gave it, and prayed devoutly that it might do him good. My Sister came down laughing, to think how she had imposed on her. If any thing could have added Weight to the intolerable Burthen of my Sorrows, I now felt it, by considering how terrible my Mother's Surprise and Disappointment must be!

About six o'Clock, I thought it was proper to send the Chest of Plate into Dean Madden's, and to lock up whatever was valuable; a prudent Precaution, as it too soon appeared. After this I went into my Mother's Chamber; she asked me how my Father was. I told her he had been very ill in the Beginning of the Night, but was now very quiet. She said, she hoped Sleep

would do him good. I answered, I trusted in God it had. So she arose, and would not put on her Shoes lest she should disturb him : Nay, so strong was the Force of her Imagination, that she even said, she heard him cough as we passed by his Chamber-Door : But a sad Counterfeit was I ; for when we came into his Dressing-Room, which opened to the Garden, as it was now Day-light, my Mother easily perceived the Concern in my Countenance ; she shrieked when she looked at me, and with great Impatience asked me, what ailed me : ‘ O Lord ! cried she, cannot you give me one Word of Comfort ? ’ I answered very faintly, I wished it was in my Power : But alas ! her worst Fears were but too true ; all was over. I really thought she would now have run quite mad ; scarcely could I prevent her going into his Chamber. I sent in for Dean *Madden*, who by Prayers and spiritual Advice a little calmed her ; but one Woe trod upon the other’s Heels : Mr. *Nicholls* (who for the particular Regard he had for my Father, was his first Visitor, and whose Humanity during the whole

whole Time of his Sickness, deserves a grateful Acknowledgment ; which, if the surviving Part of his Family refuse, I think it incumbent on me to pay, so far at least as Words can do it) came into the Dining-Room ; he guessed our Loss 'ere we could speak it, and seemed to bear a Part in our Sorrows. He asked me what Hour he should come to open my Father. I told him, he had left his Curse on any Person who attempted it. He said he was very glad of it ; for as this dismal Operation must have fallen to his share, it would, I am certain, greatly have shock'd his Humanity. I would have had him gone up to see my Mother : He said it would but renew her Trouble, and that when she was a little more calm he would make her a Visit.

I now thought it highly necessary to persuade my poor Mother to take, at least, a Dish of Tea, which I could not do, but by assuring her I was ready to faint. Just as it was prepared, a Servant, looking like a Ghost, opened the Door, and beckoned me to follow him ; I did so, and upon com-

ing down Stairs, found the House fill'd with Sheriff's Officers : one of them, whose Name was *Williams*, was most remarkably insolent, and abused me very grossly. I once more sent in for Dean *Madden*; I believe the worthy Gentleman thought his Words might prevail, but the Scoundrel *Williams* bad him, go talk in his Pulpit. However, I had Presence of Mind sufficient to write a Line to Counsellor *Smith*; he happen'd not to be at home; so I begged of the Dean to go to my Mother, lest those licens'd Robbers should plunder the House. About seven in the Evening Mr. *Smith* came; he found the Wretches very busy in taking an Inventory of the Furniture. They were full as rude to him, as they had been to the Dean; and at last carried it so far, as to insist upon arresting my Father's Body, just then laid in a Coffin. I, almost wild with Grief, ran after them; the Coffin was open, and I raised my dear Father in my Arms, and, as if he could have heard me, asked him, Would he not protect his Family? Mr. *Smith* had, in the mean Time, sent for the High-Sheriff; he

was a young, good natured Gentleman ; and after heartily reprimanding the Fellows, nay, and even making *Williams* beg pardon on his Knees, dismissed them all, except one whom he ordered, not only to be civil, but also to do the Work of a Servant ; assuring us, he would take an Inventory of the Things himself, as soon as the Funeral was over.

The next Day, being *Sunday*, we determined to have my dear Father buried, according to his own Directions, privately, at Twelve o'Clock at Night ; and I easily prevailed on Mr. *Smith*, and his present Lady, to give their Company to my Mother, during the Time of this last sad solemn Ceremony. As my Mother wept incessantly, it made her sleepy ; but the Noise made in carrying down my Father's Corpse, awak'd her ; and as she had only slumbered in her Chair, she started up, crying out, they were carrying her dear Husband to the Grave, and that she would go and be buried with him. We were obliged by Violence to restrain her ; nay, and also to assure her he had been interred

some Hours, and that the Noise she heard was only that of the Servants, who were setting Things in Order. Mr. *Smith* and his Lady, who, according to their Promise, came and passed the Evening with my Mother, said every thing that Reason, Christianity, or Humanity could dictate, to mitigate her Affliction. Gratitude for their Kindness made her endeavour to suppress the Anguish of her Soul; nay, out of Complaisance to them, she drank a Glass or two of Wine, which, as she had not done for some Weeks before, produced the Effect I desired, of making her sleep. Mr. *Pilkington* attended the Funeral Obsequies, which was the only instance of Respect or Kindness he ever shewed to the Family.

Early the next Morning, I rose; and if, in the melancholy Situation of my Soul, any thing could have made me smile, the Cookmaid's Simplicity would certainly have done it; for, finding her Fire made, her Dishes washed, and every thing set in good Order, so well did the Bailiff, who was left in the House, obey the High Sheriff's Orders,

Orders, in doing the Work of a Servant ; and he having walked into the Garden, the Maid not recollecting there was any such Person in the House, stood crossing herself, and praying to the Blessed Virgin, and all the Saints in Heaven. I asked her, What was the matter ? ‘ O my dear Ma-
‘ dam ! (said she) my Master was always
‘ neat ; and see, for all he is dead, how
‘ he has made the Fire, and cleaned up the
‘ Kitchen for me.’

I left the poor Girl in her Mistake, and went up to my Mother. It grieved me to awake her ; yet knowing the High Sheriff would be early with us, and that the Inventory of what was in her Chamber must be taken, I thought it was most decent for her to be up, as her unhappy Situation could not authorize her taking on the State of a Lady of Quality, to lie in Bed a Month for Fashion’s-sake.

She was not long up before the Gentleman came : From him I learned, that this Execution was laid at the Suit of the Widow *Ford*, who being Executrix to her Children, had asked my Father, where she

could lay out their Money to Advantage. As Mr. *Monck* wanted Money, my Father immediately thought of him; but as his Estate was not liable to his Debrs, my Father became Surety for him. This was enough for me; I immediately wrote to Mr. *Monck*; who, on Receipt of the Letter, came to Town, and, with great Honour, not only discharged his own Debt, but also paid the Sheriff's Fees, which in three Days amounted to Twenty Pounds.

This Gentleman was the late *Henry Stanly Monck*, of *St. Stephen's Green*.

My Sister, like all provident Persons, made the best of her Way to her Husband's Mother; who being assured, by Dean *Madden*, that he himself had married my Sister to her Son, which had been questioned, on Account of his abrupt Departure from her, soon after he had made her a Mother, was so kindly received by her new Parent, that for three Weeks after, she never either sent, or came, to know what was become of the old one.

As my Father had positively prohibited us from writing any Account to my Brother,

ther, then at *Paris*, of the Misfortune that had befallen him, I thought it not proper to disobey him; yet, at the same time, judged it highly necessary he should be apprized of the melancholy Situation of his Affairs at home; I therefore engaged a young Gentleman, an intimate Friend of my Brother's, to undertake the mournful Task, and advise him immediately to return to *Ireland*: But his best Speed could not overtake his Father's Life, who had been three Weeks buried e'er he arrived. When he saw us in deep Mourning, and missed the dear Parent, who used ever to receive him with the Love of a Father, and the Freedom of a Companion, all his Resolution could scarce support it: and tho' he endeavoured to comfort us, 'twas but too visible he wanted it himself. My Heart bled for him; so disappointed in all his Hopes, which, as they had been high raised, were now the more depressed. In short, we were all mere Outside, each endeavouring, by a forced Chearfulness, to conceal their inward Anguish from each other.

As my Brother, soon after, sold off the Goods by Auction, and placed my Mother, who was left entirely dependant on him, to board at a Clergyman's House in the Country, after which I never saw her more, I returned to my own House.

Mr. *Pilkington*, having now no Expectation of a Fortune by me, threw off all Disguise, and shewed himself in his proper Colours; he had, it seems, while I was in the Country, in a bad State of Health, got in League with the Widow *W—rr—n*, whom he intended, if I had died, as was expected, should supply my Place. However, he was resolved to get rid of me at any rate; and as nothing but my Death, or a Divorce, could accomplish his Desires, the latter seemed the safer Method. To this End, he set all his Engines to work. His first Scheme I shall here relate.

One Morning pretty early, he sent for me to come to him to Breakfast in the Summer-house; as I thought he was alone, I ran to him quite undressed; but was confounded at the Sight of a Gentleman, whom I had never seen before, and who was dressed

out

out with the utmost Magnificence and Curiosity, rather in the Habit of a Birth-Night Beau, than a Morning Visitor. I was for retiring, but Mr. *Pilkington* obliged me to come in, and introduced him to me. I sat down with the best Grace I could, and made the Tea: Before it was half over Mr. *Pilkington* said, he was obliged to visit a sick Person; but that he should return in half an Hour, engaging me not to let the Gentleman go till then; at the same time assuring him, I was very well qualified to entertain him agreeably. The Gentleman did not express the least Reluctance at complying with his Request; so far from it, that as soon as he was gone, he said, he was much indebted to Mr. *Pilkington's* Complaisance, for the favourable Opportunity he had afforded him of speaking his Wishes; and, laying hold of my Hand, he began to address me in a most bombastic Stile, with Fustian from exploded Plays. For my part, I thought he was mad, and growing angry at what I deemed a great Incivility to a married Woman, I assured him, if he persisted in such Impertinence,

tinence, I would quit the Place. He then begg'd Pardon most humbly indeed, for he threw himself on the Carpet at my Feet, swearing he would never rise till I had forgiven him; which, not to be plagu'd with his farther Impertinence, I was forced to say, I did. He then wanted me to confirm it by a Kiss, but that I would by no means grant. In short, his Company was so tiresome, that I most impatiently longed for a Release; which, however, Mr. *Pilkington* was resolved not to give me: So finding the Gentleman was determined to persecute me, I told him I was engaged to dine abroad, and hoped he would excuse my leaving him, as I expected a Lady to call upon me, which laid me under a Necessity of going to dress.

Upon this civil Dismiss, to my great Satisfaction he took his Leave, promising me, he would do himself the Honour of waiting on me again very speedily, to which I made no Reply.

I believe he went to Mr. *Pilkington*, to give him an Account of what had pass'd, who

who some time after returned, and seemed much offended, that I had suffered his Friend, as he called him, to go away; adding, that he was related to the Duke of *Dorset*, and might, by his Interest, get him a good Living. I answered, Let him be ever so well related, he was a very troublesome Coxcomb, and if he liked such Company, I did not.

A few Days after my youngest Child died, and that I might avoid seeing the Funeral, I retired to the Summer-House, where I sat weeping; when suddenly this same fine Spark opened the Door. He told me, Mr. *Pilkington* had sent him to desire I would have some Coffee ready, and that he would be at home immediately. I desired the Gentleman to go with me to the Dwelling-House, not chusing to stay alone with him at so great a Distance from every Body. The Coffee was prepared, but no Mr. *Pilkington* came, so we drank it without him, and the Gentleman fell into his old Vagaries again. I then,

*All smarting with my Griefs, being vex'd
To be so pestered by a Poppinjay,*

Shakespear.

Burst into Tears, and demanded of him, what he meant by such Insolence? He look'd very much confounded, and asked me, was I in earnest? I assured him I was, and that I would acquaint Mr. *Pilkington* with his Rudeness. He smiled at that Threat, and to my great Surprize, made me the following Speech: ' Madam, I
' am convinced by your Behaviour, that
' you are a Woman of Honour, and am
' very sorry I should be so unfortunate as
' to provoke your Tears: The best Re-
' compence I can make you, is, to entrust
' you with a Secret; and I doubt not but
' you will have Discretion enough to make
' a proper use of it. Mr. *Pilkington* de-
' scribed you to me, as a Lady very li-
' beral of your Favours, and begg'd I
' would be so kind as to make him a
' Cuckold, so that he might be able to
' prove it, in order to a Separation from
' you;

‘ you ; promising to give me Time and
 ‘ Opportunity for it : He assured me, it
 ‘ would be no difficult Task ; that I need
 ‘ but throw myself at your Feet, whine
 ‘ out some Tragedy, and you would quick-
 ‘ ly yield. But I am now convinc’d, that
 ‘ he is a very great V——n, and very un-
 ‘ worthy of you.’

I leave my Reader to judge of my Astonishment. I could scarce give the Gentleman Credit ; and yet it was but too evident that he spoke Truth, as it was now nine o’Clock at Night, and Mr. *Pilkington* not come home to his invited Guest.

When I had recovered Power to speak, I told him, I supposed Mr. *Pilkington* knew him to be a Person destitute of all Honour and Humanity, when he proposed such a Scheme to him as that of betraying any Woman. ‘ Faith, Madam, returned he,
 ‘ I never intended it ; for had you made
 ‘ me happy, I would, like a Gentleman,
 ‘ have forsworn it, and also have given
 ‘ you a proper Caution : But I would not
 ‘ pay you so ill a Compliment, as not to
 ‘ assure you, the Bait was very alluring.

I

‘ I believe there are very few young Fellows who would have refused him the Favour he desired of me.’ I then begged he would be so kind to leave me, which, accordingly, taking his Leave very respectfully, he did.

I went to Bed full of Disquietude ; but the bitter Anguish of my Soul quite banished Sleep. I considered the Snares laid for me, and that he who ought to be the Guardian and Protector of my Innocence, was the very first Person who sought to destroy it. I wept abundantly, and prayed heartily to God, to deliver me out of my Trouble ; at length I fell into a Slumber, when methought my Father, just as I had seen him in his Coffin, drew open the Curtain, and muttered something to me very low and indistinct ; but the Words *Trouble, Sorrow and Shame*, I very plainly heard. I started up, and turned the Head-Curtain back ; but seeing nothing, concluded the Trouble of my Mind produced such terrifying Dreams, and recommending myself to Heaven, once more addressed myself to Sleep ; when suddenly, methought,

thought, I was in the midst of a Parcel of Ruffians who were fighting, and that I, thought I knew not why, was the Occasion of their Quarrel. At last I thought one of them gave me a severe Blow over the Head, at which I screamed out, and Mr. *Pilkington*, who was now in the Chamber, waked me, and asked me, what was the matter? I told him, I had a very shocking Dream. ‘Why, says he, you ‘grieve so much after your Father, and ‘your Brat, and take no Sustainance, that ‘it is no Wonder you should be in the ‘Vapours.’ I desired he would be so kind as give me a little Water; for I was in a faint cold Sweat; but as he always kept some Cherry-Brandy in his Study, he made me take a little of it, which greatly revived me. I then told him Mr. *H——d* had been to see him. He asked me, how long he stayed? I answered, till I was weary of him. ‘Why, did he offend ‘you?’ ‘Indeed (return’d I) he did.’ ‘How?’ said he. ‘By a great deal of ‘Impertinence, not worth relating. I ‘suppose (said he) the Coxcomb was re-
‘peating

‘peating his Poetry to you.’ ‘No (returned I) he spoke nothing of his own; he had a proper Authority, I believe, for whatever he said.’ I looked earnestly in Mr. *Pilkington*’s Face, and could easily perceive he was in great Confusion; so he put out the Candle, and came to Bed without asking me any farther Questions.

Early the next Morning he went out of Town, without either leaving a Shilling to provide for his Family, which consisted of a Maid, a Footman, two Children, and myself, or any Person to serve his Cure; neither did I, for the Space of two Months, hear from him, or receive any Supply; till at last, by Accident, I learnt he was with the Widow *W—rr—n*. For the Truth of this, the Reverend Dr. *Bradford* can bear Witness; I mean, so far as his going away without either asking his Permission, or substituting any Person to do his Duty.

*But when a Lady’s in the Case,
All other Bus’ness must give Place.*

Even in Religion itself.

Gay.

(re- I now beg leave to demand of every
own; Person, who has been severe in their Cen-
believe, sures of me, what Duty, Love, or Re-
earnest- spect was due to such a Husband? When
could an honest Man is link'd to a perfidious Wo-
sion; man, his Misfortunes claim Compassion;
o Bed but sure a voluntary Cuckold is the mean-
ons. est Wretch in Human Nature, and de-
out of serves nothing from the World, but the ut-
ing to most Contempt.

ted of In the mean time the Parish was quite in
d my- an Uproar; no body to visit the Sick, or
; nei- read Six o'Clock Prayers. I related this
onths, Part of my Distress to my Brother, who
y; till prevailed on a young Gentleman, who had
as with been his School-fellow and Companion,
ruth of then newly ordained, to do Mr. *Pilkington's*
n bear Duty.

g away As for my two Children, I sent them to
or sub- School, and they dined every Day with
Mr. *Pilkington's* Father; the Servants were
forced to run in Debt for Provision; and,
for my own part, I quartered myself on
my next Door Neighbours, Mr. *Lindsay*
Gay. and his Spouse, where I always met a chear-
ful and friendly Reception.

I must here observe, that because I loved reading, Mr. *Pilkington* took with him the Key of his Study, into which he had removed all my Books, Presents to me from my Friends before I was married. He also lock'd up the Garden, rather chusing it should be overgrown with Weeds, and the Plants and Flowers die for Want of Water, than that either I or the Children should have the Pleasure of amusing ourselves in it. The Tea-chest was also secured; so I was left like a tame Cat, with the Liberty of walking about two or three empty Rooms.

When I had learnt where Mr. *Pilkington* was I wrote to him; but received no Answer. At length, one *Saturday*, about Twelve o'Clock at Noon, his Horse was brought home, and a mangy Dog, of which I was ordered to take a particular care, which I did; and now expected the Master. But as his buxom old Widow (and old enough she was to be my Mother, and big enough to make four of me) came to Town with him, he staid with her till Twelve o'Clock at Night. His first Que-

ion when he entered was, where was his
 Dog? with which having played about
 half an Hour, hugging, kissing, and calling
 it an Angel, he at last vouchsafed to come
 up Stairs. I sat in my Closet in a very
 pensive Posture; his first Salutation to me
 was, to ask me, how I had the Impudence
 to write to him about my Family Affairs?
 I asked him to whom else should I write?
 Very fine! (returned he) suppose Mrs.
W—rr—n had opened my Letter! ' I
 could not suppose that, Sir, because it is
 a Liberty I never took with you.' ' You
 took with me! why should you? ' Nay
 then (said I) why should she? ' I have
 (said he) great Patience, that I do not
 turn you out of Doors.' ' As soon as
 you please, Sir; I know my Way to *St.*
Sepulchres, and late as it is, I dare say
 they will give me Admission.'
 I believe he thought he had now gone
 too far, and was more than half afraid I
 would publish all his Villanies; so he fell
 into his old Trade of Dissimulation, in
 which he is a perfect Master; and taking
 me by the Hand, told me, he did not
 think

think so gentle a Temper as mine could be disturbed at any Thing; and that it was very unkind in me to be disobliged at his taking a little Recreation in the Country; adding, that he often wished for me there. I asked him why he did not take me with him? He said, he had proposed it to Mrs. *W—rr—n*; but that she had objected against it, telling him, I was a Woman of so bad a Reputation, that she would not for all the World countenance me. I must beg leave to ask my Readers, what Sort of Terms this Couple must be on, when she took the Liberty of traducing his Wife to him? She may be very chaste, for aught I know; but I verily believe many an unhappy Creature, who has even prostituted herself for Bread, would not have been guilty of her Crime.

Cursed be he that parteth Man and Wife is Part of our *Asb-Wednesday* Service, to which I say *Amen*, with all my Heart and Soul.

But to return: I told Mr. *Pilkington*, was extremely obliged to the Lady; that most Men, even if they hated their Wives

would

would resent any Injury offered to them as being Part of themselves ; but he was too good a Christian for that. So I arose, and was for leaving the Room. He asked me, where I was going ? I answered, ‘ To sleep with my Children ; for why should I, Sir, go to bed to a Man, in whose Person, Mind, or Fortune, I have no longer a Share ; and who has as effectually divorced himself from me, as the Law can do ! ’

However he insisted on my staying with him, which accordingly I did. We both rose pretty early ; and the Children coming in to ask his Blessing, he whipt his Daughter severely, because, as he said, she resembled my Mother ; though indeed she was infinitely more like his own : And, to shew his Impartiality, he whipt the poor little Boy, for being like himself.

When this Scene was over, the Children were turned down to the Kitchen, and the mangy Dog, which it seems was given him by Mrs. *W—rr—n*, invited to a good Plate of Toast and Butter, and half a Pint of Cream, for his Breakfast ; so well did he

fulfil the old Proverb, *Love me, love my Dog.*

After these Holy Exercises, he went to the Communion ; which indeed I had intended to do, but as he had really vexed me past my Patience, I could not compose myself sufficiently for the worthily receiving those sublime Mysteries.

Thus we may see it is in the power of a bad Man, not only to destroy our temporal, but also our eternal Happiness.

I saw no more of him till Midnight ; buxom *Joan* engaging him till then, or in other Words, the Widow *W—rr—n*.

Mr. *Pilkington*'s Father hearing he was in Town, came the next Morning to see him, and demanded of him the Money he had paid for his Childrens Tuition ; upon which he turned to me, with an Air of great Contempt, and told me, he thought when he had married so accomplished a Lady, she might have taught her Children to read, write, work, &c. and at least have saved him the Expence of their Education. I told him, and indeed it was Truth, that I should never desire a more delightful Employment

ployment than that of cultivating their Minds; but that he ought to consider, he left no Support for our Bodies, and consequently I was obliged to go abroad every Day to seek for Food, and could not encumber such Company, as I might be welcome to, with my Children. Here Mr. *Pilkington's* Father interrupted me, by saying, I might always have been welcome to him. Indeed I doubt it not, for he was a good-natured Man; but as he kept an Ale-house, it was no very agreeable Place for me to pass my Time in.

Next Morning buxom *Joan* came in her own Coach for her Chaplain; a Right which most Widows of Fortune claim. I looked at her, and she hid her Face. Mr. *Pilkington* soon waited on her, and away they went together, leaving me just as desolate as I was before.

Mr. *Pilkington* has often alledged, in order to prove me an Adultress, as I was with Child when we parted, that he had no manner of matrimonial Commerce with me for four Years. I was but just four and twenty Years of Age when we were separated;

rated ; and, as my Reader may observe, he would not permit me to have a separate Bed, whether what he not only said, but swore, was true or false, I do not see how he could gain any Honour by it.

For as the *Spanish* Friar says, when old Gomez boasts that his Wife was a spotless Virgin for him ;

A fine Commendation truly !

The Church did not put you together for that.

And here, gentle Reader, give me leave to drop the Curtain. To avouch mine own Innocence in a Point, where Appearances were strong against me, would perhaps little avail me : The supreme Judge of Hearts alone will at the last great Day clear or condemn me ; to whose unerring Justice and boundless Goodness I submit my Cause.

When Snares and Lime-Twigs are spread for a poor Bird, it cannot well escape. Yet I may say with the condemned Duke of Buckingham, in *Shakespear's Henry the Eighth*,

We

*We both fell by our Servants ;
Therefore, this receive as certain :—
Where you are lib'ral of your Loves and Coun-
sels,
Be sure you are not loose ; for those you make
Friends,
And give your Hearts to, when they perceive
The least Rub in your Fortune, fall away
Like Water from ye, never found again,
But where they mean to sink ye.*

A proper Caution to both Sexes, to be duly
on their Guard against Confidantes.

I could reckon up numberless Instances
of Mr. Pilkington's Aversion to me ; one
in particular I cannot pass over. One Day,
at Dinner, the Pin in the Robing of my
Gown, pricked my Breast ; as there was
no body but my Husband and Children
present, I made no Scruple of uncovering
my Bosom, to examine what had hurt me ;
upon which Mr. Pilkington rose from Table,
and said I had turned his Stomach. As I
really had a fine Skin, and was then a most
remarkably neat Person, I thought he only

jested ; and merrily told him, he should
kiss my Breast and make it well : But alas !
it was not like *Prior's Lover's Anger*, where
when the Lady complains, that

*An ugly hard Rose-bud has fall'n in my Neck,
It has vex'd me, and plagu'd me to such a
Degree !*

*Look here now ; you'll never believe one,
pray see,*

*I th' Left Side of my Breast what a Mark
it has made !*

*So saying, her Bosom she careless display'd :
That Seat of Delight I with Wonder sur-
vey'd,*

*And forgot ev'ry Word I design'd to have
said.*

For he told me, he was sure he should faint
if I came near him ; and either pretended
to throw up his Dinner, or did it in reality.
After which polite Compliment, he drank
a large Glass of Cherry-brandy, to settle his
Stomach ; and repaired to his usual Haunt,
i. e. to buxom Joan.

About

About Twelve at Night, he returned, and awaked me out of a sweet Sleep, by telling me, I was a most expensive extravagant Woman. I asked him in what ? He said, in putting on clean Linen every Day ; whereas Mrs. *W—rr—n*, who had a Thousand Pounds a Year, assured him, she never shifted herself but once a Week, and shewed him Half-sleeves, which she wore, to save the Expence of washing. I answered him very carelessly, that I supposed that was what charmed him ; and therefore, Dirt to Dirt.

I beg leave here to remark, that my Husband's Complaints were very different from those of most married Men ; their general Excuse for going astray is, that their Wives are dirty, slothful, ignorant, &c. the very Reverse of which swinish Qualities made my good Man hate me.

Well, grant me guilty, which never yet was proved ;

Yet I do think, if Wives do fall, it is their Husbands Fault.

*Say, that they slack their Duty, and pour
our Treasure into foreign Laps,
Or else break out in peevish Jealousy,
Throwing Restraint on us: Or say, they
strike us;*

*Or scant our former Having, in Despite:
Why, we have Galls; and though we have
some Grace,*

*Yet we have some Revenge. Let Hus-
bands know,*

*Their Wives have Sense like them: They
see and smell,*

*And have their Palates both for sweet
and sour,*

*As Husbands have. What is it that they
do,*

*When they change us for others? Is it
Sport?*

*I think it is. And doth Affection breed
it?*

*I think it doth. Is't Frailty that thus
errs?*

*It is so too. And have not we Affections,
Desire for Sport; and Frailty, as Men
have?*

Then

*Then let them use us well; or let them
know,*

The Ills we do, their Ills instruct us to.

Shakespear.

And in one of the Sermons on Social Duties, published lately by a *real* Divine, he makes this Observation, That he believes, very few Women have either been so weak, or so wicked, to wrong the Marriage-bed, but when they have been provoked to it, either by the ill Treatment they received from their Husbands, or in Revenge to their prior Falshoods.

If I have not delivered the most worthy Author's Sentiments with his own Elegance of Style, I am sure he will pardon me, as I only quote from Memory, not being Mistress of his admirable Works.

I do assure my Reader, I do not, by those Quotations mean to countenance Vice,

Or to arm my Pen

Against the Sun-clad Power of Chastity.

Milton.

So far from it, that in my Opinion, Nothing
can excuse the Breach of it; and a Fe-
male

*Should strip herself to Death, as to a Bed,
Which, longing, she'd been sick for,
Rather than yield her Body up to Shame.*

All I intended is this; the World has been
pleased to say, I had a most excellent Huf-
band; and therefore have thought proper,
not thinking their Bill of Accusation large
enough, to add *Ingratitude* to every other
Vice and Folly they are pleased to attribute
to me.

But so many Yards of Prunella and a
Bit of clear Cambrick, properly placed
under the Chin, it seems make a Holy Man.

*Yet, let's write Good Angel, on the De-
vil's Horn,*

'Tis not the Devil's Crest.

*And so an outward Sainted Priest, may
In all his Dressings, Titles, Caracts, Forms,
Be an Arch-villain; and his Filth being
cast,*

Appear

Appear a Pond as deep as Hell.

Shakespear.

I hope Mr. *Pilkington* will return his Acknowledgments to me, for making him publicly known ; for, as I hear, his Poems have suffered the Fate of all Things mortal ; and, to use his own Lines,

Since he and his Writings so soon are forgotten,

E'er his Carcass becomes, like his Principles, rotten ;

My Muse shall forbid it, transmitting his Merits,

As the Curious, for Shew, preserve Monsters in Spirits.

Pilkington's Elegy on the Rev. Mr. Graffan, written many Years before the Gentleman's Death.

And so if my *Quondam* Husband arrives at Fame, or ever goes to Heaven, either of which I very much doubt, I think he must still rest my Debtor.

*For Fame has but two Doors, a white
and a black one,*

*The worst you say, he's stole in at the back
one.*

And that Cuckolds go to Heaven, no body ever yet disputed. Were he one, he ought to thank me that helped to send him thither. If I have bestowed on him Fame in this World, and Salvation in the next, what could a reasonable Man desire more from his Wife? But some Folks are never to be satisfied!—But whether he is entitled to the Horn or not, must always be a Secret: I hope some curious Commentator will hereafter endeavour to find out the Truth of it; for my Mind gives me, That

I, like the Classics, shall be read

When Time, and all the World are dead.

And if a Scotch Barber, one *Allan Ramsay*, promises himself so much, in a Sort of Burlesque on *Horace*, why may I not be indulged

dulged in equal Vanity, the ruling and darling Passion of our Sex? Tho' I shall never carry it to such an unnatural Height, as Dr. Young (or Mr. Pope) makes a Lady do, when she is dying,

Odious, in Woollen! 'twould a Saint provoke!

Were the last Words that dying Flavia spoke.

No, let a charming Chintz, and Flanders' Lace,

Shade my pale Corse, and deck my lifeless Face.

One wou'd not sure, look ugly when one's dead;

And——Betty, give my Cheeks a little red.

I must beg my Reader's Pardon for these numerous Quotations; but, as *Swift* says, 'those anticipating Rascals the Ancients, have left nothing for us poor Moderns to say:' But still to shew my Vanity, let it stand as some sort of Praise, that I have stolen wisely.

At length the fatal Hour arrived, when Mr. Pilkington's Machinations wrought the Effect he so long desired, namely, my Destruction;

struction ; and, as he never did Things by Halves, that of his own Children also ; to whom his Barbarity has exceeded any thing I ever either heard or read of ; but that in due Place.

I own myself very indiscreet in permitting any Man to be at an unseasonable Hour in my Bed-Chamber ; but Lovers of Learning will, I am sure, pardon me, as I solemnly declare, it was the attractive Charms of a new Book, which the Gentleman would not lend me, but consented to stay till I read it through, that was the sole Motive of my detaining him. But the Servants, being bribed by their Master, let in twelve Watchmen at the Kitchen Window, who, though they might have opened the Chamber-Door, chose rather to break it to Pieces, and took the Gentleman and myself Prisoners.

For my own Part, I thought they had been House-breakers, and would willingly have compounded for Life, when entered Mr. *Pilkington*, with a Cambric Handkerchief tied about his Neck, after the Fashion of Mr. *Fribble*, and with the
Temper

Temper of a Stoic, bid the authorized Ruffians not hurt me : But his Christian Care came too late ; for one of them had given me a violent Blow on the Temple, and another had dragged two of my Fingers out of Joint. The Gentleman, at the Sight of Mr. *Pilkington*, threw down his Sword, which he observing, made two of the Watchmen hold him, while he most courageously broke his Head.

After this heroic Action, he told me, who stood quite stupified between Surprise and Pain, that I must turn out of Doors ; but observing that I was fainting, he brought up a Bottle of Wine, and kindly drank both our Healths. He would fain have prevailed on us to pledge him ; but we were not in a Temper to return Civility. Upon which he took my Hand, and very generously made a Present of me to the Gentleman, who could not in Honour refuse to take me, especially as his own Liberty was not to be procured on any other Terms. Mr. *Pilkington* kindly dismissed our Guards, and assured us, as soon as ever he had obtained a Divorce, he would

would with great Pleasure, join us together in holy Matrimony. At the Door the Gentleman's Sword was delivered to him. *Mr. Pilkington* offered to kiss me at parting, which mean Piece of Diffimulation, so much in the Stile of *Jack Ketch*, gave me the utmost Contempt for the V——n.

It was by this time two o'Clock in the Morning, and we knew not where to steer our Course: However, the Gentleman's Servant always sat up for him, and therefore he judged it more adviseable to go to his own Lodging, than to search for any other, and, truly, I little cared where I went.

And here, I sincerely assure my Reader, that neither of us even entertained a Thought of any thing like Love, but sat like Statues till Day-break; when recollecting that I had nothing to change me with, I wrote a Letter to *Mr. Pilkington* to desire he would sent me my wearing Apparel, or at least some clean Linen.

He complied with my Request, and wrote me a long Letter, wherein he seemingly expressed an infinite Concern for my Loss, but

as I had most strenuously recommended our Children to his Care, he gave it then under his Hand that he was perfectly convinced they were his own, and that I might depend on his Tenderneſs to them ; but at the ſame time, as he was determined to be legally divorced, he expected I would not give him any Oppoſition in it.

Before I received this Letter, I had taken a Lodging in *Abbey-ſtreet* up two pair of Stairs, where my Clothes were brought to me, together with it ; but not a ſingle Shilling to aſſiſt me, my Watch, my Books, and even what few Jewels I poſſeſſed before Marriage, were detained from me, which threw me quite dependant on the Courteſy of the Perſon I was accuſed with.

But Mr. *Pilkington* was ſo highly provoked at our not cohabiting together, as he wiſhed, that he forced the Gentleman to fly, who having Notice that there was an Action taken out againſt him, made the beſt of his way to *London*, leaving a Letter with five Guineas enclorſed in it for me,

me, in the Hands of a Dissenting Minister, who very faithfully discharged his Trust.

Curiosity made me go to the Gentleman's Lodging to enquire of his Landlady what she knew relating to him; the Gentlewoman was very obliging, but could give me no Satisfaction or Light into the Affair: However, she made me drink Tea with her, and we sat together till near nine o'Clock at Night.

At my return to my own Lodging, the Maid told me my Room was Let; I said that was odd, as it was taken by the Week, and one not then expired, to Let it without giving me Warning to provide myself, which, at that Hour, in a Winter's Night, it was impossible for me to do.

The Maid, to whose care this House was entrusted, for I know not who was Landlord, told me, I might if I pleased lie in the first Floor, as the Family were not come to Town, and there were only their Servants in the House, whom she could dispose of into worse Beds; but, to my great Surprise, I found the Lock had been taken off the Bed-chamber Door, which I will remem-
bered

bered had been on it in the Morning, as I had some Difficulty to open it to take out some China.

I asked her the meaning of it? She insisted positively that there never had been a Lock on it, which knowing to be a Falshood, I began to be apprehensive some foul play was intended, nor was I mistaken.

I then asked her for a young Woman, who she had told me was a Servant out of Place, that lodged in the back Parlour; she said she was a Bed in the Garret, and that my Trunk was there also; this gave me a sufficient Excuse, as there was no Lock on the Trunk, to go up to her; and as she had been a Lady's Woman, and very well knew who I was, I told her all my Apprehensions, and she readily consented to quit her own Bed and come to mine.

We brought down the Trunk between us, and placed it against the Chamber-Door; as the Maid was busied with her new Guests, she took it for granted I was alone, and therefore resolved to provide me with

a Male Bed-fellow, as a proper Consolation for a Person in my unhappy Situation.

About seven o'Clock in the Morning, not then clear Day, she very furiously pushed open the Chamber-Door, and told me, one Mr. *B——k* desired to breakfast with me, who was a Member of *P———t*, and a Man of Fortune, and the Person who had taken the House. I told her I never wished to see any human Creature, and should be glad I could hide myself even from myself; but she, supposing me to be alone, directly introduc'd a Man, full six Feet high, and of the most disagreeable Aspect I ever beheld—Perhaps it was my Terror that painted him so to my Imagination.

I started up and threw my Gown about me, but I was not quite so quick in putting on my Clothes as the Gentleman was, in taking his off, resolving, without the least Ceremony to come to Bed to me. I pull'd my Companion, who asked him what he meant; why, who the *D——l* are you, you old *B——ch* said he: This Lady, meaning me, is publicly known thro' all the Coffee-houses in *Dublin*. Had the Gentle-

man

man been studying how to disappoint his own Intentions, he could not more effectually have done it, as he brought all the Horror of my Condition full upon my Mind. And as I had no Protector, no Friend, no Guardian, I burst into Tears, and told him, if he was a Gentleman, he would not insult Misery. ‘ Do I occasion Tears, Madam?’ ‘ You do, Sir, and therefore I desire you will depart.’ ‘ Well, Madam, said he, I beg pardon, I had a full History of you from the Maid of the House, who said, she believed a Companion would not be disagreeable to you, especially as she was apprehensive you had no Money.’ ‘ Sir, said I, she is mistaken, I have at least enough to discharge my Lodging, which I will immediately do; and once more I desire you to withdraw, which accordingly he did.’

I then prevailed on the young Woman who was with me to take a Lodging for me, and in about half an Hour I went to it. But,

But

*Now came the general Slander Charge
Which some invent, the rest enlarge.*

So from my Heart, I wrote the following
Lines.

S O R R O W.

WHILE sunk in deepest Solitude
and Woe,
My streaming Eyes with ceaseless Sorrow
flow,
While Anguish wears the sleepless Night
away,
And fresher Grief awaits returning Day ;
Encompass'd round with Ruin, Want and
Shame,
Undone in Fortune, blasted in my Fame ;
Lost to the soft endearing Ties of Life,
And tender Names of Daughter, Mother,
Wife ;
Can no Recess from Calumny be found ?
And yet can Fate inflict a deeper Wound !

As

As one who in a dreadful Tempest tofs'd,
If thrown by Chance upon some desert
Coast,

Calmly a while surveys the fatal Shore,
And hopes that Fortune can inflict no more;
Till some fell Serpent make the Wretch his
Prey,

Who 'scaped in vain the Dangers of the Sea;
So I, who hardly 'scap'd Domestic Rage,
Born with eternal Sorrows to engage,
Now feel the pois'nous Force of sland'rous
Tongues,

Who daily wound me with envenom'd
Wrongs.

Shed then a Ray Divine, all Gracious
Heav'n,

Pardon the Soul that sues to be forgiv'n,
Tho' cruel Humankind relentless prove,
And least resemble thee in Acts of Love;
Tho' Friends who shou'd administer Relief,
Add Pain to Woe, and Misery to Grief,
And oft! too oft with Hypocritic Air,
Condemn those Faults in which they deeply
Share.

Yet

Yet thou who dost our various Frailties know,
 And see'st each Spring from whence our
 Actions flow,
 Shalt, while for Mercy to thy Throne I fly,
 Regard the lifted Hand, and streaming Eye.

Thou didst the jarring Elements compose
 Whence this harmonious Universe arose;
 O speak the Tempest of the Soul to Peace,
 Bid the tumultuous War of Passion cease;
 Receive me to thy kind Paternal Care,
 And guard me from the Horrors of Despair.
 And since no more I boast a Mother's Name,
 Nor in my Children can a Portion claim,
 The helpless Babes to thy Protection take,
 Nor punish for their hapless Mother's sake:

Thus the poor Bird when frighted from
 her Nest
 With agonizing Love, and Grief distress'd,
 Still fondly hovers o'er the much lov'd Place,
 Tho' strengthless, to protect her tender Race;
 In piercing Notes she movingly complains,
 And tells the unattending Woods her Pains.

And

* And thou once my Soul's fondest dearest
Part,

Who schem'd my Ruin with such cruel Art,
From human Laws no longer seek to find,
A Pow'r to loose that Knot which God has
join'd,

The Props of Life are rudely pull'd away,
And the frail Building falling to Decay ;
My Death shall give thee thy desir'd Release,
And lay me down in everlasting Peace.

I believe Mr. *Pilkington* would say with
old Sir *Paul Plyant*, when he finds a Love-
Letter from a Gentleman to his Wife,
signed, your dying *Ned Careless*. ' Ads
' bud, I wish it were true !' But

*My kind Companion never fear,
For tho' you may mistake a Year,
Tho' your Prognosticks run too fast
They'll certainly prove true at last.*

Swift.

M

But

* My Husband was then suing for a Divorce.

And

But I had a Fellow-Lodger, one Mr. *Donnellan*, an Ensign, who it seems knew me so well, that he thought proper to bring the late Earl of *Rosse*, of facetious Memory, and several other Persons of Distinction, to break open my Lodging. On hearing them coming up Stairs, I ran into the Dining-Room, and lock'd myself in. When those worthy Peers could not find me, they threatened to kick the Landlady; and one of them putting his Mouth to the Key-hole of the Dining-Room, cried, 'Do, my Dear, open the Door; by Heaven! it is nobody but I, *Dubourg*, the Fiddler.' I made no Reply; so being disappointed, they were forced to decamp, cursing and vowing Revenge against the Woman of the House.

This Accident so terribly alarm'd me, that I resolv'd to quit this Lodging the next Day; but Mr. *Donnellan* was determined not to permit me to depart in Peace; for, being a military Man, he stood Centinel at the Door of my Chamber all Night, frequently intreating me to let him in; but truly had I been amorously inclined

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clined, the Sight of the various Medicines in his Apartment would

Have damp'd all Passion sympathetic.

For, as I had a Back-Room, when this Gentleman was abroad, I frequently, for Variety, went into his, which looked into the Street.

However, at last he went to Bed ; and early next Morning he told the Landlady that I had kept him awake all Night, and that I was a most notorious common Strumpet.

‘ Arah, by my Shoul (said the old Dame) you would make her one, if you could : What Business had you, and all those Lords with her ? One of them bid the Devil to breake my own Neck ; but I hope he will be hang’d first.’

While my Landlady, to whom I had never told my Name, related this to me, I heard somebody enquire for Mrs. *Pilking-ton*, so I desired to know who it was, and up came a very well drest matron-like Female of about Fifty ; she expressed great

Concern for my Misfortunes ; said, my dear Father had saved her Life, and that she was at present House-keeper to the Earl of *Antrim*, who was extremely troubled for his Rudeness to me, and hoped I would give him an Opportunity of begging my Pardon. I told her, as I did not know whom to blame, I wanted no Apology ; it was my wretched Fate to be subject to the Insolence of every Fellow.

She then urged, what I own was a prevailing Argument to one not worth a Shilling, that my Lord was very generous, and would, she was sure, make me a handsome Present, in Recompence of the Terror he had put me into. As I look'd on my present Circumstances to be quite desperate, being near Lying-in, and having nothing to assist me, I agreed to see him any where, except at my own Lodging. Upon which the artful old Crone told me of a House in the Neighbourhood, a very reputable one according to her Account, where my Lord would meet me in the Evening.

Ac-

Accordingly I went ; but let any one judge of my Surprize, when instead of the Earl, I met a Gentleman whom I had never seen before : So I instantly departing left him to his Contemplations. And in Process of Time it came to light, that the venerable House-keeper of the Earl was neither better nor worse than the celebrated Mother *Brown* : And indeed I received many Visits from Ladies of her sublime Calling.

And what most surpris'd me, was, that they were generally employed by sober married Men, and such as to my own Knowledge, lived very well with their Wives ; but these Ladies assured me, their Husbands hated them, and would rather have any other Woman. So I found I was not alone in my Misfortune. And if every married Man, who has ever attacked me, does not subscribe to my *Memoirs*, I will without the least Ceremony, insert their Names, be their Rank ever so high, or their Profession ever so holy.

*I'll dash the proud Gamester from his
gilled Car ;
Bare the mean Heart, that lurks beneath
a Star.*

And the more formal Villains, who, in the
Robes of Sanctity, commit worse Frauds
than Highwaymen, surely ought not to re-
main unexposed.

*For me, while Heav'n affords me vital
Breath,
Let them behold me, as their Scourge, till
Death ;
Them, thro' their Serpent Mazes, I'll
pursue,
And bring each latent Vice to public View :
And, what their Cunning studies to conceal,
Shall be my constant Pleasure to reveal ;
Till warn'd Mankind shall from their
Mischiefs fly,
And hate them more, if possible, than I.*

*Ay, my little good Lord Cardinal !
I'll scare you worse than did the Midnight
Bell,*

When

*When the brown Wench lay kissing in your
Arms*.*

I once was acquainted with a Prelate, who
had certain stated Prices for all his Sins ; as
thus :

	<i>l.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
For Adultery	—	1	7 0
For Simple Fornication	0	10	6
For Venial Transgressions	0	5	0 each

And,

Yet he was a Bishop, and he wore a Mitre,
Which, all in good Time, may be

*Surrounded with Jewels of Su'phur and
Nitre.*

*How nearly this Bishop my Bishop re-
sembles !*

*But his has the Odds, who believes and
who trembles.*

M 4

What

* Mem. My Maid on the Crpet.

What I thought most cruel in him was, that he never gave a Farthing to the poor Women themselves. But to make up Matters with Heaven, he took up ten Bastards every Year ; fed, clothed, and apprenticed them ; hoping, no doubt, as his Dealings were pretty promiscuous, some one of them might belong to him. So

*How could his Charity be better shewn,
Or whom should he provide for, but his
own ?*

As I do not chuse to be guilty of *Scandalum Magnatum*, if nobody can guess who I mean, I will fairly acknowledge myself to be as arrant a Dunce as any Bishop or Parson in the World, and really that is speaking largely ;

*Considering what Dulness reigns
Amongst our Prelates, Priests and Deans.*

And as *Milton* observes on the Devil's breaking into Paradise :

So

*So since into God's Fold
Climb Thieves, and Ruffians, and lewd
hireling Slaves,
Turning the Sanctuary of th' Almighty
Into a Den.*

And it were to be wished that our Blessed Saviour would once more come, and drive those Money-Changers out of the Temple.

I was again once more obliged to change my Lodging, and knew not how to provide for the approaching Calamity : I wrote to Mr. *Pilkington*, who generously sent me Six-pence by my eldest Son, to put me above the Temptations to which Want exposes our helpless Sex ; for so he expressed himself in a long Epistle he wrote with it.

But when things are at the worst they generally mend ; for who should arrive from *London* but Mr. *Wersdale*. He no sooner heard of my Misfortune, than he came to visit me, and as he had a strange Ambition to be thought a Poet, he assured me, if I would devote my Genius to his Service, he would liberally reward me ; to which I gladly consented, as an easy and

honourable Method of getting a Subsistence.

I really would not be so ungenerous to strip this *Jack-Daw* of his borrowed Plumies, but that his Usage of me in *London* was so inhuman, that it merits a worse Punishment from me, than meerly exposing his Vanity, and the World may conclude,

*That of all the fine Things which he keeps
in the Dark,*

*There's scarce one in ten, but what has
my Mark.*

Though Mr. *Pilkington* and *Harry Cary* were his two Subalterns, or under Strappers in poetical Stock-jobbing. As Mr. *Worsdale* was a musical Man, my first Task was to write a Song for him, which I performed in the following manner:

S T E L L A, Darling of the Muses,
Fairer than the blooming Spring ;
Sweetest Theme the Poet chuses,
When of thee he strives to sing.

While

While my Soul with Wonder traces
All thy Charms of Face and Mind,
All the Beauties, all the Graces,
Of the Sex in thee I find.

Love, and Joy, and Admiration,
In my Breast alternate rise ;
Words no more can paint my Passion,
Than the Pencil cou'd thine Eyes.

Lavish Nature thee adorning,
O'er thy Lips and Cheeks hath spread,
Colours that might shame the Morning,
Smiling with celestial Red.

Would the Gods, in blest Condition,
Our Requests indulgent view,
Sure each Mortal's first Petition
Would be to resemble you.

Mr. *Worsdale* shewed this Ballad to Mr. *Pilkington*, who thought proper to alter the last Verse, giving it this prophane and non-sensical Turn ;

Cou'd the Gods, in blest Condition,
 Aught on Earth with Énvy view,
 Lovely *Stella*, their Ambition
 Wou'd be to resemble you.

As for the Godsenvying Mortals, and wishing to be like them, it has neither Sense, *Englisk*, nor even Novelty to recommend it; nor is it agreeable to the Dictates of Reason or Religion; for even a Heathen Author stands condemned for setting *Cato* in a Light superior to the Gods; but a Christian Divine may say any thing: and so much for an old Song.

I thought my Circumstances might have secured me from any farther Attacks from the Male World; but it seems I was to have no more Rest than the Patriarch's Dove had; for I had a furious Onset from

A Tinsel Babler Blunderbuss of Law.

Newburg's Hiena.

One C—n, a Person not otherwise known,
 than by his being acquainted with all the
 Tricks

Tricks and Roguery of the Courts; who, because I treated him with the Contempt he deserved, railed at me wherever he went, infomuch that I was obliged to compliment him with the following Lines.

To Counsellor C——N.

WHY C——n with cruel Aim?
 Seek you to hurt a wounded Fame?
 Or how have I provok'd your Rage,
 To bring me thus upon the Stage?
 'Tis true, indeed, I cou'd not love you?
 But why should that so greatly move you?
 Are you not us'd to plead in vain,
 And practis'd to endure Disdain?
 You tamely bear the Scorn of Men,
 Why vex'd at it from Women then?
 When you approach'd me in Disguise,
 And swore to fifty thousand Lyes;
 And more your self to recommend,
 Basely traduc'd your absent Friend?
 When you invoc'd each Pow'r, to prove
 The Truth and Ardour of your Love,
 I look'd thro' all the vile Deceit,
 Saw C——n, and knew the CHEAT.

Thy

Thy Wife, with Hide of well tann'd Oak,
 May sure to rove her Spouse provoke ;
 And you from Cuckoldom be safe,
 Either from *D—cy*, or from *T—ffe*.
 And Jealousy must be a Jest,
 For her whom all Mankind detest.
 Take then some culinary Fair,
 Nor seek a Star beyond your Sphere.
 How cou'd you hope to meet Success,
 Unskill'd in Breeding or Address ?
 Unblest'd with Eloquence to move
 The melting Soul to mutual Love ?
 Your Lodgings, Gold, and Wine three
 Doz'n,
 I scorn'd, and eke to call you Cousin ;
 And cou'dst thou, dull Impostor, think
 To purchase me with Gold or Drink ?
 Yet still, in Principles, 'tis known,
 We judge of others by our own ;
 And I excuse the sordid Thought,
 In thee, whose Soul is to be bought.
 Thy licens'd Tongue the Law may murder ;
 But, prithee, mangle me no further :
 For tho' my Colours are too faint,
 Such glaring Crimes as thine to paint ;

Yet

Yet I sometimes, in Black and White,
Can draw a Knave's Resemblance right.
Thy Envy then, and Rage give over,
Thou worthless, mean, rejected Lover !
Or in a Print, I swear to shew you,
So like, that all Mankind shall know you.

This did not happen to silence the Fellow, who now carried his Impudence so far, as to declare to all the Lawyers at the *Rose Club*, that I made Love to him ; so, recollecting a Story his Nephew, who was married to my Sister, had related to me, of a vile Use to which he adapted three large Folio Volumes of his Uncle's Philosophy, I wrote the following Ballad, and packetted Mr. T——ffe with it, at a Time I knew several Lawyers would be assembled at the Tavern aforementioned ; and threatened Mr. T——ffe, if he did not read it out for the Amusement of the Company, he should be my next Subject for Satire ; but no body so earnestly insisted on seeing the Song as C——n himself. To oblige him and entertain the Company,

Mr.

256 M E M O I R S of

Mr. T——*ffe* fung it to the Tune of *Chevy Chace*.

YE Sons of Science mourn with me
In sad and doleful Strains,
The Loss which fair Philosophy
And Literature sustains.

Three Volumes of enormous Size,
O C——*n* had penn'd,
And lent them, for to make him wise,
To an ingenious Friend;

Who on the puzzling Pages por'd
Three live-long Summer Days;
But cou'd not understand one Word:
For so my Author says.

He, thro' the palpable obscure,
Grop'd out his uncouth Way,
Where neither Truth; nor Reason pure,
Had shed one Friendly Ray.

In *Newton*, *Bacon*, *Locke*, and *Boyle*,
He found celestial Light;
Whose sacred Beams o'er-paid his Toil;
But here reign'd deepest Night.

In

In fam'd *Laputa's* floating Isle,
 As *Gulliver* has taught,
 They swallow Learning like a Pill,
 Without Expence of Thought.

This Way he try'd, but all in vain,
 Those Writings ne'er ascend ;
 They Gravitation's Laws maintain,
 And to the Center tend.

Enrag'd to find all Methods fail,
 These Works, he surely said,
 May be adapted to the Tail,
 Tho' never to the Head.

These *Sybil* Leaves, Oh Spite and Shame!
 In Pieces torn he takes,
 And wip'd a Part not fit to name,
 And plung'd them in a Jakes.

Wake C———n thy noble Heart,
 Explore that hoary Deep ;
 Nor suffer thine immortal Part
 In Silence there to sleep.

Or

Or on the Orifice all Day
 Thy nether End expose,
 By whose inspiring Fumes you may
 New Systems yet compose.

Henceforth be scorn'd great *Maro's* Tomb,
 And eke the *Delphic* Shrine;
 For that fam'd Privy-House, whose Womb
 Contains thy Works divine.

I have been credibly informed that this Song made C——n blush, which was more than any thing had ever done before. However he took a Copy of it, which he promised to publish; but finding he has not been as good as his Word, I must even be at the Expence of doing it my self.

But to return: Mr. *Worsdale* came to me, and told me, he had been so unfortunate to disoblige a Lady of Distinction; for not being apprized that she understood *French*, and being asked in that Language, how he liked her? he said, she was an indifferent Picture of her Sister: But he easily perceived, by an Alteration in her Countenance, that she

she too well understood him, and that he was out of Hope of obtaining her Pardon, unless something pretty could be wrote upon the Subject by way of Apology; so I raised his Spirits in about half an Hour after, by sending him the following Lines.

To Miss PL—KET T.

A Thousand diff'rent Arts I try'd,
To vary *Celia's* Face;
And at each Alteration spy'd
Some new resistless Grace.

Now chearful Mirth with gay Delight
Shines in her Eyes confess'd;
Now Sorrow clouds their beamy Light,
And heaves her snowy Breast.

Each diff'rent Turn of Mirth or Spleen
Still gave the Maid new Charms;
Anger alone remain'd unseen,
Which ev'ry Nymph disarms.

Fair

Fair-one, can you forgive the Art
 Which did your Wrath provoke;
 Alas! far distant from my Heart
 Was that rash Word I spoke.

And know, this Passion only shew'd
 New Graces to my Sight,
 Your Cheeks with brighter Beauties glow'd,
 Your Eyes flash'd keener Light.

Like *Semele*'s my daring Aim,
 Wou'd on *Jove*'s Lightning gaze,
 But sunk amidst the fatal Flame,
 And perish'd in the Blaze.

In the Evening Mr. *Worsdale* returned,
 and told me, the Lines had made up all
 Matters; that the other young Lady said,
 she wished he had affronted her, so he had
 made her such a pretty Apology. 'I must
 ' beg of you now, said he, to improve
 ' that Hint, and write me some Lines for
 ' her Sister.' I readily writ for him these.

To

To Miss BETTY PL—KETT.

WHY, Fair-one, shouldst thou wish
thy Friend

Thy matchless Sweetness to offend ;
Alas ! thy Beauty need not use,
This Method to engage his Muse :
Since nought could keep her mute so long,
But Fear thy Loveliness to wrong.
When other Nymphs my Song require,
And bid me strike the sounding Lyre,
To gratify the vainest She,
I tell her, she resembles thee.
But not a Bard since *Milton's* Days,
However elegant in Praise,
Possess'd that Dignity of Thought,
To draw an Angel as he ought.

These Lines had the desired Effect, and
both the Ladies were reconciled to the sup-
posed Author.

My next Task being a charitable one, I
could by no means refuse ; which was to
write the following Prologue, for the Bene-
fit of a distressed Person in Jail.

A PROLOGUE, spoke at the
THEATRE in *Smock-Alley*.

THIS Land for Learning, and Religion fam'd,

In antient Times the *Isle of Saints* was nam'd.
And Heav'n-born Charity, prime Grace,
once more

Shall this bless'd Title to its Sons restore.

A fitter Object Pity ne'er cou'd find,

For this divinest Virtue of the Mind,

Than honest Industry, and Worth distress'd,

And suff'ring Innocence by Fraud oppress'd,

By pale-ey'd Want, and fallow Sickness pin'd,

Within a Prison's dismal Gloom confin'd,

Where everlasting Sighs and Anguish reign,

And each sad Moment seems an Age of Pain.

'Tis yours to raise him from his dreadful
Care,

To soften Anguish, and remove Despair ;

The Great and Pious in the Task combine,

And glorious emulate the Power Divine ;

Mercy her white Celestial Wings displays,

And to the Throne of Grace your Zeal con-
veys ;

Whence

Whence thick as Dew from Heav'n shall
 Joys descend,
 And endless Blessings on your Race attend.

Mr. *Worsdale* now began to make some Figure ; and tho' he kept me pretty fully employed, he drove an underhand Trade with Mr. *Pilkington*. And as he was not willing that either of us should believe him incapable of Writing, he used to shew Mr. *Pilkington's* Work to me, and swear it was his own ; and in return, he, with the same modest Assurance, presented mine to him ; but we were too well acquainted with each other's Stile to be deceived. At last, Mr. *Pilkington*, not satisfied with all the Expence he put him to in *London*, made a Demand on him for fifty Pounds ; but as Mr. *Pilkington* had before made the best Penny of me to him he possibly could, and *W—le* finding what I wrote passed every Jot as well as his, he thought it most convenient, if he did disburse any thing, to give it to me, as thinking I most wanted it ; so I was now full of Poetical Business,
 by

by which my Poverty- was relieved, and my Mind amused.

Mr. *Pilkington* was so vex'd at losing his Chap, that in Revenge he endeavoured to insinuate that we conversed unlawfully together ; but this met no Credit, as I very seldom saw him, and never alone.

In the mean time he carried on a vigorous Prosecution against me in the Spiritual Court, in which I gave him no Opposition ; as he solemnly declared he would always allow me a Maintenance to the utmost of his Ability ; and to live with him, I by no means desired.

*For never cou'd true Reconcilement spring
Where Wounds of deadly Hate so deep were
fix'd.*

But no sooner had he obtained a Separation from me, than he retracted every Word he had said ; not only refusing to give me any Assistance, but also abusing me in the most unchristian, false, and scandalous manner, and publickly triumph'd in having over-reach'd me. Upon this I was
advised

advised to lodge an Appeal against him, which made him quite mad. He abused his Advocate Proctor, and the Judge himself, as all doing him Injustice ; and tho' I knew none of them, insisted on it, they were Confederates with me against him.

But this outrageous manner of Proceeding rather injured himself than me ; the Delegates were appointed ; and as every body whom he consulted, assured him, he would be cast, his haughty Spirit was willing to capitulate ; but nobody would undertake to deliver his Message to me, lest he should scandalize them for it ; so at length with great Entreaty he prevailed on *Worsdale* to make a Proposal from him, to me, of giving me a small Annuity, and thirty Pounds in Money, which, in regard to my Children, I rather chose to accept of, than ruin their Father, as I certainly had it in my power to do.

Worsdale, who has really a good deal of Humour, came to me one Morning, after my being a Week without seeing him, and in a Theatrical manner delivered the following Speech :

N

Before

*Before I speak the Message of the Priest ;
first give me leave to glory in the Title of his
Ambassador.*

I wondered what odd Whim had now taken *Worsdale* ; and begged he would deliver himself like a Man of this World.

He then related the Proposal aforementioned, on which I desired two Days time to consider, and then acquiesced, and withdrew the Appeal, like an easy Fool as I was.

Dearly have I since repented it, as no Articles of the Agreement were kept, altho' I thought they were as strongly assured to me, as the Law could make them ; in which there are so many Loop-holes, that even Persons conversant with it may be deceived ; how then should a Female be sufficiently on her Guard, against the Professors of a kind of unintelligible Jargon, whose Skill is to puzzle the Cause, or a Science where,

*Endless Tautologies and Doubts perplex ;
Too harsh a Study for our softer Sex !*

Of the Thirty Pounds, I never received but Fifteen, and those Mr. *Worsdale* assured me he advanced out of his own Pocket, and never was paid, as I can prove under his own Hand.

But Heav'n knows, as I had every thing to provide for a Child, and myself, and Rent also to pay, this Sum lasted not long, especially as I had no Friend near me. — No, nor any honest Person; for my Landlady, of whom before I had conceived a good Opinion, when she found I was in Labour, insisted either on my paying double the Rent I had engaged for, or quitting her House, which, as it was then too late for me to do, I was necessitated to comply with her exorbitant Demand, which made her very complaisant.

Before I had received even this small Relief, I wrote to many Ladies, to whom my Father had been Physician, and who once seemed to be my Friends; but to no purpose; their constant Answer was, that I deserved nothing; to which general Rule, I never met with but two Exceptions.

I wrote also to the B——p of C——, who after long Deliberation, picked out of his Purse half a Piece, which extraordinary Bounty, he by the Force of Imagination doubled; and also declared that I had sent to him for it, a Woman who had been whipt thro' the Town; who, as she really was a Gentlewoman of good Character, but of low Fortune, had it not been for my Persuasion to the contrary, would have sued his L——p for Defamation.

But as he was so kind to give my Son, who is his God-son, Five Shillings in small Change in *London*, which he told the Youth was a Crown Piece, who knowing there was such a Coin as a Five Shilling Piece of Gold, searched amongst the Half-pence narrowly to find it, tho' without Success, I think I must pardon him; especially as on my threatening to expose him since I came to *Ireland*, he, to bribe me to Secrecy, sent me one Pound, a remarkable and unaccountable Charity from his Lordship, to any Person of whom he had not Carnal Knowledge.

And tho' in a Letter of his, he assures me he desires no public Praise for what he has done, and makes as long and learned a Disquisition between the Law of our Members and the Law of our Minds, as he once did between *Graminivorous* and *Carnivorous*, which, as I do not understand *Latin*, I may very possibly mispel, tho' their Signification is, I believe, Grass or Flesh devouring Animals; of the later of which, I believe his L——p would make the best Meal. The antient Priests were never premitted to burn Flesh, but as a Sacrifice to the Almighty; but it is reported, that one of them turning a Stake, when it was a little too hot, burned his Finger, on which he licked it, and found it so savory, that he devoured that part which was intended for the Gods; and as the Laity beheld him, in their Opinion, breaking the Law, in eating Flesh, he assured them, that he had an immediate Revelation, that it was lawful for him to eat the prime Part of the Flesh, and leave the Garbage for the Laity. Thus we may see how early Priestcraft began; from the very first, they were Flesh-

N 3

mongers;

mongers; and Priests of all Religions are the same. Those who want to look farther into the Deceits of Priesthood, may trace it up even to the *Nile*, from whence Superstition and the Crocodile first sprung, both alike destructive to Mankind.

It is known to every learned Divine, that the Priests engrossed the whole Country of *Egypt*, as the eldest Son of every Priest was born a Priest, and was therefore intitled to a tenth part of the Land; upon which *Joseph*, who was not only an admirable Man, but an excellent Politician, and had a Divine Revelation that the Land should suffer Famine ten Years, ordered the Priests to pay in all their Subsidies to the King, whereby, in those ten Years of Dearth, the King purchased, at so low a Rate as giving the People a little Corn, all the Lands in *Egypt*. These are Remarks of the admirable Lord *Shaftsbury*, whose inimitable Style and clear Manner of Reasoning carry Conviction with them.

I never knew any Clergyman who quoted him but to his Prejudice, except Dr. *Turnbull*: And yet I cannot see why Morality,
or

or the Preaching of it, should in any wise be offensive to a Christian ; since there is a certain Beauty in Holiness, which, tho' it were never to be hereafter rewarded, gives a sincere Satisfaction and Quietude of Mind in this Life, ——— And therefore Virtue does still,

*With Scorn the mercenary World regard,
Where sordid Minds do Good, and hope
Reward,
Above the worthless Trophies Men can raise
She seeks not Honour, Fame, or empty
Praise,
But with herself, herself the Goddess pays,*

All I would infer from this rambling Digression is,

*That Authority, tho' it errs like other,
Bears yet a kind of Medicine in itself,
To skin the Sore on the Top,*

And that Subtilty and Avarice have been almost inseparable from the Priesthood ever since the World began.

But to return. Having at length passed the Pain and Peril of Child-birth, by the Care and Humanity of Dr. *Arbuckle*, I was in great Distress. It is true, Mr. *Pilkington* kindly advised me to leave my Child, which was a Female one, upon the Parish ; and as he would willingly have done the same, or worse, to those whose Legitimacy he never questioned, I had the less Reason to blame him ; but such a Piece of Inhumanity I from Soul abhorred, nor could any thing prevail on me to put it in practice.

Mr. *Worsdale* went to *Mallow*, where at his Request I sent to him the following Poems.

The H A P P Y P A I R.

A B A L L A D.

A T dewy Dawn,
 As o'er the Lawn,
 Young *Roger* early stray'd,
 He chanc'd to meet
 With *Jenny* sweet,
 The blooming Country Maid ;
 Her

Her Cheeks so red
With Blushes spread,
Shew'd like the breaking Day,
Her modest Look
The Shepherd took ;
She stole his Heart away.

With tender Air,
He woo'd the Fair,
And movingly addrest ;
For Love divine,
Can Clowns refine,
And warm the coldest Breast ;
Her Eyes he prais'd,
And fondly gaz'd
On her enchanting Face,
Where Innocence,
And Health dispense,
Each winning rosy Grace.

Young *Jenny's* Breast,
Love's Pow'r confess'd,
And felt an equal Fire ;
Nor had she Art,
To hide her Smart,
Or check the soft Desire.

Hymen unites,
 In blissful Rites,
 The fair, the matchless two;
 And Wedlock ne'er
 Could boast a Pair
 More lovely or more true.

Ye Rich and Great,
 How seldom Fate
 Gives you so mild a Doom;
 Whose wand'ring Flames,
 And wanton Dames,
 A mutual Plague become;
 While Coach and Six
 Your Passion fix,
 You buy your State too dearly;
 Ah, courtly Folks!
 You're but the Jokes
 Of those who love sincerely.

M A L L O W W A T E R S,

Written for Mr. *Worsdale*, who was chosen
 Poet-Laureat to the Honourable Society
 of Ladies and Gentlemen erected there.

NOT fam'd *Pieria*'s hallow'd Spring,
 Near which the sacred Sisters sing,
 Could

Could more deserve the Poet's Lays,
 His softest Song, his choicest Praise,
 Than *Mallow's* sweet inspiring Stream,
 The Source of Health, the Muse's Theme.
 Thy Draughts, *Nepenthe* like, remove
 All Sorrows, but the Pains of Love;
 And on thy Banks such Nymphs appear,
 That none escape that Passion here.
 While Art, in vain, attempts to shew
 Their Features, and celestial Glow;
 Thy smooth, expanded, liquid Glass,
 Lively reflects each beauteous Face,
 And shews them that transcendent Bloom,
 Which from thy Bounty they assume.

If all be true which Poets dream,
 There dwells a Nymph in ev'ry Stream;
 Sweet *Naiad* that inhabit'ft here,
 In limpid Brook, or Fountain clear,
 O teach me, in exalted Verse,
 The matchless Charmer's to rehearse,
 And as you gently glide along,
 To distant Fields convey my Song.

First sing our Queen, sublimely grac'd,
 With Breeding, Elegance, and Taste;

And *Blaney*, with each Charm replete,
Which decks the Worthy, or the Great ;
In *Dunscomb*'s faultless Form and Mind,
A thousand winning Charms we find ;
And graceful *Bond*, whose easy Air
Bespeaks the unaffected Fair.

O *Lyfaught* ! such a Form as thine,
In *Homer*'s deathless Lays should shine ;
Since he, who *Helen*'s Beauties drew,
Alone can give thy Charms their due :
From thee I turn my dazzl'd Sight,
And lo ! where radiant *Plunkett* bright,
As Noon-tide Sun in Summer Skies,
Wounds with new Light my aking Eyes.

Ah *Mallow* ! what avail thy Shades ?
If tyrant Love their Peace invades ;
Not all thy Groves and wooded Hills,
Thy cooling Streams, or healing Rills,
Can guard us from his piercing Rays,
Or give the burning Anguish Ease ;
Thy Waters quench each meaner Fire,
But make this Heav'n-born Flame mount
high'r.

In

In *Jepson's* blooming Form we meet
 The Gay, the Sprightly, and the Sweet ;
 While *Smith*, with Virgin Beauty crown'd,
 Shall with her Sisters be renown'd
 Thro' Time, and leave a deathless Name,
 Fair as their virtuous Mother's Fame.
 Not *Philomel's* melodious Throat,
 Can equal *Brusted's* warbled Note ;
 Soft *Syren* ! whose enchanting Strains,
 Fetter the prison'd Soul in Chains.
 With Rapture on the Dance we gaze,
 When *Purcell* swims th' harmonious Maze.

How many Charmers yet remain !
 Well worthy the sublimest Strain !
 What Hearts unnumber'd shall be won,
 By *Coltburst*, *Harper*, *Knap*, and *Dun* !
 And thou, agreeable *Codroy*,
 The noblest Poet might'st employ.

What blooming Beauties smile around !
 Thick as the Flow'rets paint the Ground,
 When warmer Suns and genial Rain
 Raise them to deck the verdant Plain ;
 Thick

278 M E M O I R S o f

Thick as the Stars their Beams display,
Which join to form the Milky Way.

Ah, fair ones ! Language is too faint,
The Graces ye possess to paint ;
Happy, if my aspiring Strain
Your judging Ears may entertain ;
The Verse, believe me, is well meant,
However short of the Intent :
Smile then on my ambitious Aim,
And give your Poet endless Fame.

A S O N G.

L Y I N G is an Occupation,
Us'd by all who mean to rise ;
Politicians owe their Station,
But to well concerted Lyes.

These to Lovers give Assistance,
To insnare the Fair-one's Heart ;
And the Virgin's best Resistance
Yields to this commanding Art.

Study this superior Science,
Would you rise in Church or State ;
Bid to Truth a bold Defiance,
'Tis the Practice of the Great.

Mrs. PILKINGTON. 279

In Return, he sent me the following Lines, which he assured me were his own.

VERSES to Mrs. *Pilkington*, on seeing in a Poem inscribed to her, the Season she was at *Mallow*, these Lines

*If Sappho lends a gracious Smile,
Be damn'd all Critics of our Isle ;
The Royal Stamp is on those Lays,
Which second Dacier deigns to praise :
Propitious then attend my Call,
My Muse, my Goddess, and my All.*

Mr. *Worsdale* to Mrs. *Pilkington*.

THOU azure Fount, whose chrystal
Stream

Was once a nobler Poet's Theme,
While, to inspire the tuneful Strain,
Sappho was call'd ; nor call'd in vain.
Ah ! let, the World forgive, if here
I pay the Tribute of a Tear,
In friendly Grief at *Sappho's* Fate,
The Wonder of thy Banks so late.

So

280 MEMOIRS of

So many Virtues were thy Share,
Thou most accomplish'd, ruin'd Fair!
One Error, sure, may be forgiv'n,
And Pardon find from Earth and Heav'n!
That sov'reign Pow'r, who fram'd us all,
Suffer'd the Sons of Light to fall;
And oft, to humble human Pride,
From Virtue lets the Wisest slide.
Ye Fair, no more her Fault proclaim!
For your own Sakes, conceal her Shame:
Since, if a Nymph so good could fail,
We well may think your Sex are frail.

Who wrote these Lines I know not; but as I am certain the Author need not blush to acknowledge them, I hope he will not only pardon my Vanity in making them public, but also subscribe to my Writings.

I can only assure the World, I believe Mr. *Worsdale* never wrote a poetical Line in his Life; and therefore I am indebted to some humane and ingenuous Person, who, supposing me guilty, makes an almost divine Apology for me.

But as it was impossible for me to subsist meerly on Praise, I made one strong Effort

to

to deliver myself out of Calamity, which was, to beg Mr. *Pilkington* to send me some Money, to bear my Expences to *London*, assuring him I was weary of *Ireland*; which indeed was true: for I am of the same Opinion with the pleasant Lady *Dorchester*, that *Dublin* is a Place of the least Sin, and the most Scandal, of any City in the World.

Perhaps the Reverse would have better pleased her, as the Lord Chief Justice says to *Falstaff*:

Ld. Ch. Just. *Your Waist, Sir John, is very great, and your Means very slender.*

Falst. *Wou'd it were otherwise, my Lord; that my Means were greater, and my Waist slenderer.*

This Text wants no Comment.

But if my learned Husband will oblige me with one, I shall be his very humble Servant. He has threatened to give a true and impartial Narrative of my Proceedings to the Public; and I wonder why he, who rides so fast, has not got the Whip-hand of

of me : I fear his Appeal comes half an Hour too late :

*But, Courage my Spouse ; tho' it cannot
be said,
That one cloven Tongue ever sat on your
Head ;
I'll hold you a Groat, and I wish I could
see't,
If your Stockings were off, you could shew
cloven Feet.*

I am a sad digressive Writer ; by which my Readers may plainly perceive I am no Methodist.

Mr. *Pilkington* agreed to my Proposal ; and as he was fully determined never to give me any more, sent me nine Pounds, for which, as he said, he sold my Diamond Ring to Mrs. *Dubourg*, and the Chain of my Watch, which cost six Guineas, to Mrs. *W—rr—n*, for the Promise of forty Shillings ; for which I suppose Mr. *Pilkington* and she have since accounted. A good-natured Man will easily be satisfied with a
Lady

Lady that will return him a Toy for a Trinket.

Nothing that ever she got vexed me so much as Mr. *Pilkington's* giving her my Father's Snuff-box, which he borrowed from me, under Pretence, that taking a little Snuff preserved him from catching Sickness in Places he was obliged to go to. He declared to me he had lost it; but I afterwards saw it with her, as also several other Things belonging to me.

But he is not the first Man who has plundered his Wife to oblige his ——. As this Lady was, I may say, the principal Cause of a Separation between the Parson and me, I thought I had a Right to demand a Subscription from her; which, since my Return to *Ireland*, I did in very civil Terms. And I think myself in Duty bound to give my learned Readers a Taste of her excellent Style, in answer to me.

WHOOSOMDEVER you aree, I
aboar yow and yowr Filthy Idy-
ous; I submit my Cows to the Devil, and
fear

fear nout his Enemoys, whileouft I am undder his Preteckshon. As to the Parson yow metown, tis wile nowne what hee ifs; he ruinged my Sun by his Ungraitfullnesse. It is not in your Power to defamatonous my Corector in your wild Memboirs. So I am, wythh harti Prawours for yowr speedi Deformation,

Yours —————

I really took great Pains to find out the Meaning of this elaborate Epistle; what it is, future Critics (who are better skilled in broken *English*) may decide. But I do assure the Public it is genuine; which, if they doubt, I can produce it in the Lady's own Scrawl. This Lady sent a Captain of a Ship to me, when she heard I was going for *England*, to hurry me out of the Kingdom; which Circumstance made me stay in it six Months longer than I intended. And having not yet done with her, I cannot forbear remarking that one *L—ty*, a Painter, a rude Fellow, a few Nights after my Separation from the Parson, took the Liberty,

Liberty
own
cham
where
minif
other
how
spoil
' did
he re
Shar
Bow
Mira

Mak

Ha!

This
Will

Mak
This

She,

Liberty, on not readily finding him in his own House, of breaking open his Bed-chamber Door, to which the Maid pointed, where the Lady and Gentleman were administering Christian Consolation to each other: Ill-bred as he was, when he found how Matters were, he begged Pardon for spoiling Sport; 'But Parson, (said he) I did but follow your own Example.' So he retired without drinking (though invited) Share of the Punch, of which stood a large Bowl before them; but Gold can work Miracles,

*Make Base, Noble; Old, Young; Cowards
valiant;*

*Ha! this, ye Gods! will lug your Priests
and Servants from your Sides!*

This yellow Slave!

*Will knit and break Religions; bless the
Accurst;*

Make the hoary Leprosy ador'd!

*This it is, that makes the wappen'd Widow
wed again;*

*She, whom the Spital House, and ulcerous
Sores,*

Would

*Would cast the Gorge at, this embalms and
spices
To th' April Days again.*

But I suppose this Widow was willing to have a Taste before Matrimony. And I am certain Mr. *Pilkington* could not possibly have any other Motive for liking this Woman, but merely that she was rich.

I still continued scribbling for Mr. *Worsdale*, to whom I sent to *Mallow*, the following Poems on several Occasions, as he demanded them.

A S O N G.

Set to Musick by Mr. ARNE.

TO melancholy Thoughts a Prey,
With Love and Grief oppress'd;
To Peace a Stranger all the Day,
And all the Night to Rest.

For thee, disdainful Fair, I pine,
And wake the tender Sigh;
By that obdurate Heart of thine,
My balmy Blessings fly.

O look to yon celestial Sphere,
Where Souls in Rapture glow,
And dread to want that Mercy there,
Which you refus'd below.

A S O N G.

SOME for their Forms I have desir'd,
And others for their Wit admir'd ;
Yet, Fair-one, I can truly vow,
I never, never lov'd till now.
No Language can describe the Pain,
Which in your Absence I sustain ;
Or paint the rapturous Delight,
Which swells my Bosom at your Sight.
So when the golden Sun declines,
Sad *Heliotrope* her Head declines ;
But quickens with his vital Ray,
And spreads her Beauties to the Day.

*To a L A D Y who defended the Author's
Character.*

W H I L E other Females trifle Life
away,
In Dress and Scandal, Equipage and Play ;
Stella,

288 MEMOIRS of

Stella, with Sense exalted and refin'd,
And each superior Grace adorns her Mind ;
There Friendship, Honour, Truth, and
Virtue live,
With all the Charms that Art or Nature
give.

O how shall Words my Tenderneſs im-
part !
Or ſpeak the Dictates of a grateful Heart !
To thee, fair Patroness ! who could'ſt de-
ſcend,
My Character thus nobly to defend.
Who would not wiſh to have ſuſtain'd a
Wrong,
To have their Cauſe ſupported by thy
Tongue ?
So diſappointed Malice drops its Aim,
And what was meant to ſink, exalts my
Fame.

The WISHES. A Song.

O Love ! by thy almighty Pow'r,
Transform me to that new-blown
Flow'r,

Which

Which, fram'd for Sweetness and Delight,
 Attracts my lov'd *Almeria's* Sight.
 Behold, in vernal Beauty drest,
 It decks the lovely Virgin's Breast;
 Whence it superior Grace assumes,
 And with unrival'd Beauty blooms.

Why am I not that gentle Air,
 Which flutters, fans, and cools the Fair!
 Too happy Zephyr! balmy Gale!
 That Fragrance from her Breath you steal;
 See, while your Pain you softly sigh,
 And on her snowy Bosom die;
 Thy Goddess, *Flora*, jealous grows,
 And with divine Resentment glows.

Why am I not that Bird, whose Note,
 Sweet warbling in his liquid Throat,
 Bids ev'ry Grove and Vale rejoice;
 His tender, soft, melodious Voice,
 Nightly with his enchanting Strain,
 Does, in the Woods, my Love detain,
 Till, list'ning, she forgets to fear
 The Dangers that may threaten there.

When *Phæbus* darts direct his Beams,
Almeria seeks the cooling Streams;

The River-God with Pride receives
Almeria to his azure Waves ;
 With murm'ring Joy they round her move,
 And take her for the Queen of Love.
 Ye Gods! were I that happy Stream!
 How should my fierce, my rapid Flame —

Pardon, thou bright, thou matchless Fair!
 The bold Presumption of my Pray'r.
 Gladly would I my Being change,
 Gladly from Form to Form I'd range ;
 Might I, in any Shape, delight
Almeria's Sense, or please her Sight ;
 Or might those Variations prove
 The Truth of my unalter'd Love.

These, and fifty others, of which I have
 no Copy, did this Gentleman get from me,
 almost for nothing.

In the mean time, having received an un-
 expected Bounty from a Gentleman of very
 high Rank and distinguish'd Honour, I
 wrote to him the following Lines.

To

*To the Honourable Mr. * * * *.*

ADMIRE not, if the grateful Muse,
With fond Affection, still pursues
Thee, Pride and Glory of a Race,
Whom ev'ry Muse and Science grace!
They in thy gen'rous Bosom shine,
And lighten from thy Eyes divine!

Thus raptur'd, I the Strain essay'd,
And begg'd *Apollo's* pow'rful Aid.

The angry God in Rage reply'd,
Go check thy Insolence and Pride;
Not that I blame thy happy Choice,
But 'tis too lofty for thy Voice;
Who pine like thee, with Want oppress'd,
Forfaken, comfortless, distress'd:
In vain attempt sublimer Lays,
The beauteous Work of Minds at Ease.

What tho' in early Hours of Life,
'Ere yet a Mother or a Wife,
I tun'd thy infant Voice to sing,
And plac'd thee near my hallow'd Spring.

My fav'rite *Swift* thy Numbers prais'd,
Cou'd mortal Worth be higher rais'd?
Yet I'll no more thy Wants supply,
Since Fortune leaves you, so will I.
Thy Laurel Chaplet now resign,
Let mournful Yew and Cypress twine
Around thy melancholy Head,
'Till thou art number'd with the Dead:
Nor dare to let thy Female Pen
Profane the first, and best of Men:
As well, when with Meridian Rays
I give the Summer Noon-tide Blaze,
Might'st thou expect to add new Light
To Beams intolerably bright,
As hope to heighten * * * *s Fame,
Or add new Lustre to his Name.
Whate'er adorns the Wise and Good,
By him is truly understood;
Nor lives he for himself alone.
But Humankind his Bounty own.

Convinc'd, abash'd, I drop'd my Suit;
Wonder and Sorrow held me mute;
Yet tho' I wake the String no more,
Silent thy Virtues I adore.

O!

O! let thy just superior Sense
 Forgive this last, this fond Offence.
 Led by Despair, the Hand of Death
 Must quickly stop this vital Breath:
 His fatal Pow'r alone can part
 Thy Image from my grateful Heart.

At the Gentleman's own Request I omit
 his Name; but when I say he is the elder
 Brother of the greatest Man in this King-
 dom, he may, perhaps, be guessed at.

This worthy Gentleman soon afterwards
 fell sick, on which I sent him the following

Invocation to HEALTH.

THOU rosy Goddess of the Plains,
 Where Innocence, thy Sister, reigns,
 If Goodness can deserve thy Care,
 To Godlike * * * *s Couch repair;
 Let him thy matchless Charms enjoy;
 What Nymph to * * * * can be coy?
 Nor shou'd thy Favours be deny'd
 To him who spreads thy Empire wide,

When Want and all her gloomy Train,
Pining Disease and racking Pain,
On poor afflicted Mortals prey,
His Bounty drives those Ills away ;
Swift as the Shadows wing their Flight,
Before the purple dawning Light.
Come young-ey'd Maid, serenely gay,
With healing Looks and Breath of *May* ;
His Virtues to our Wishes give,
And guard that Life by whom we live.

Mr. *Worsdale* had the Conscience to write to me, to desire I would, by the Return of the Post, send him a hundred Ballads of my own Composition, as he had already begun to take in Subscriptions for them ; and on the Receipt of them, he would order a Gentleman to pay me two Guineas. I suppose he thought I could write as fast as the Poet, whom *Horace* describes standing on one Leg, while he wrote a thousand Lines : And because I was unable to comply with this Request, he sent me the following most strange Epistle.

To Mrs. PILKINGTON.

D——N you! fink you! G——d fire
 you! I have beggared myself be-
 tween your scoundrel Husband and you,
 all to support a little dirty Vanity. When
 I want any thing from him, his d——n'd
 Spirits are funk: Nor has he given me
 any thing worth a Farthing, for the mon-
 strous Sums he has drawn out of me. I
 could write before I ever saw either of your
 ugly Faces, tho' not quite so well——and
 d——n me, if I ever write another Line
 of Verse ——You understand me —— I
 shall be in Town, so as to meet the P——t.
 The Eyes of all *Europe* are on me; and
 d——n me, if you do not send me the
 Ballads, but I will despise, and defy you
 for ever.

Yours,

J. W.

P. S. By G—d, I cannot stir out, for my Landlady has beat me through the Town with a hot Shoulder of Mutton, which she snatched from the Fire, Spit and all, only for catching me a little familiar with her Daughter.

I concluded by this Letter, that the poor Man's Head was turn'd, and therefore, thought it not worth answering, being now seriously determined to leave *Ireland*; for, though I led the Life of a Recluse, I had every Day some new Story invented of me. If I went out to take a little Air, they said, I had great Impudence to shew my Face; and if I staid at Home, I was then in Keeping with some Man who confined me; and, in short, I could please nobody: Which gave rise to the following Lines.

EXPOSTULATION.

O God! since all thy Ways are just,
Why does thy heavy Hand
So sore afflict the wretched Dust,
Thou didst to Life command!

Thou

Thou speak'st the Word, the senseless Clay
Was quick'ned with thy Breath,
Chearless to view the Beams of Day,
And seek the Shades of Death.

Thro' every Scene of Life distressed,
As Daughter, Mother, Wife ;
When wilt thou close my Eyes in Rest,
And take my weary Life.

To thee past, present, and to come,
Are ever-more the same ;
Thou knew'st of all my Woes the Sum,
'Ere I my Thoughts cou'd frame.

'Twas thou gav'st Passion to my Soul,
And Reason also gave,
Why didst thou not make Reason rule,
And Passion be its Slave ?

○ pardon me, thou Pow'r Divine !
That thus I dare presume
At thy Correction to repine,
Or murmur at my Doom.

Lord,

Lord, give me Penitence sincere
 For ev'ry Error past,
 And tho' my Trials are severe,
 O give me Peace at last.

These were the last Strains I sung in *Ireland*; which, ill-used as I was in it, I could not quit without very great Regret; and as the Coach drove by Mr. *Pilkington's* Door, I thought my very Heart would split with Sorrow; for there indeed was all the Treasure of my Soul enclosed; namely, my dear little ones. Many a Sigh and Tear they cost me; many a Prayer did I offer up to the Almighty for their Preservation; and had he not been an infinitely more gracious Father to them, than their earthly one proved, long, long ago had they been finally lost!

My Eyes, even after I went on board the Yatch, were evermore turned to the Shore of *Ireland*, resting there as on their last Period; till finding myself observed, and that some of the Passengers, Colonel *Dalway* in particular, wanted to see my

Face,

Face, which I concealed, I pretended to be Sea-sick, and desired the Steward to shew me a Cabin.

He left me for a few Minutes; and returning, told me, all the Beds were engaged; but however, there was a Gentleman on board, who said, he would sooner set up, than a Lady be unprovided for. I returned my Compliments, without ever so much as enquiring to whom I was obliged.

The Sickness I feigned proved presently true; for no sooner was the Ship under Sail, but I grew violently Sea-sick; when the Steward once more entered the Cabin, and told me, the Gentleman, to whom it belonged, desired a Moment's Chat with me. I begged him to make my Apology, as indeed, what with Sickness and Sorrow, I was little in Temper to receive any Person.

However, the Gentleman resolved not to be so easily dismissed; for following the Steward into my Cabin, he told me, he knew me to be Mrs. *Pilkington*; that, he could not set up all Night; and therefore, he

he hoped I would not refuse him the Liberty of sleeping in his own Bed.

I answered, I would not, provided he would be so kind as to leave me for a few Moments; on which, weak as I was, I sprung out of Bed, and, as I had not undressed myself, soon met him upon Deck.

Who this same Gentleman was, may in due Season, be revealed: I can only assure my Readers, that, I believe had I accepted of the Offers he made me, Poverty would never have approached me, as he was a Man of Honour, or at least appeared to me as such: A Man of Fortune he certainly is; and I doubt not but he has enjoyed many a lovely Lady, without promising them any Reward, or offering them a Settlement for Life, as he really did me.

I dined with him at *Parkgate*; and I hope Virtue will be rewarded; for though I had but five Guineas in the World to carry me up to *London*, I yet possessed Chastity enough to refuse fifty for a Night's Lodging, and that too from a handsome well-bred Man, whose Name if I should

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infer, all the World would acknowledge
I spoke but Truth of him.

I shall scarcely ever forget his Words to
me, as they seemed almost prophetic.

Well, Madam, (said he) you do not
know *London*; you will be undone there.'

Why, Sir, (said I) I hope you do not
imagine I will go into any bad Course of

Life?' 'No, Madam, (said he) but

I think you will set in your Chamber,

and starve;' which, upon my Word,

I have been pretty near doing; and, but

that the Almighty raised me one worthy

Friend, good old Mr. *Cibber*, to whose

Humanity I am, under God, indebted

both for Liberty and Life, I had been quite

lost.

I dare say, nobody will imagine he
served me from any carnal Views; since,

*If Truth in Spite of Manners must be
told,*

Why really Seventy-six is something old.

So here I close the First Volume; and
as it has been industriously and maliciously
reported

reported, that I had in reality nothing to publish, I hope this will convince the World, that Mrs. *Pilkington* was never yet reduced to the Meanness of Falshood, or Tricking. And if this Volume meets with a favourable Reception, I can assure my Readers, the next will be infinitely more entertaining.

End of the FIRST VOLUME.



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